Christian Courier

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Thank you, God, thank you, Canadians, thank you,Allied soldiers for the liberation of 1945!

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The First Canadian Corps liberated Utrecht, the Netherlands, on May 7, 1945.

Liberation Issue

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News

CRWRC workers empower Bangladeshis

Kohima Daring (left) and Nancy TenBroek.

Alan Doerksen

ST. CATHARINES, Ont. — "Bangladesh is a disaster-prone country because of where it sits," says Nancy TenBroek. But the Christian Reformed World Relief Committee (CRWRC) is working to empower the people of Bangladesh.

Nancy TenBroek and Kohima Daring are two of CRWRC's staff in Bangladesh who recently visited Canada to speak about the work they are doing.

Bangladesh faces problems with floods and cyclones, such as the 1991 cyclone that killed more 100,000 people. "You lose a lot of lives when that happens," says TenBroek. "You also lose a lot of land."

Bangladesh also has a serious over-population problem; 120 million people live in an area the size of New Brunswick, says TenBroek. And "there's so much unemployment; people live hand-to-mouth."

The focus of CRWRC's programs is to help landless and nearly landless families improve their health and education. One of these programs is SoShiKa. TenBroek helped start it eight years ago in the northern city of Jamalpur.

SoShiKa's goal is to establish co-operative groups among the area's Muslim women. Before the program started, CRWRC was working mostly with men, says TenBroek. "CRWRC decided we needed to work with women as well — we were working with half the family. We started by forming groups of 15 to 20, working in literacy, health, income generation, leadership development." After the groups are started, six or eight of them join together to form a central co-operative.

"In three or four years, a group can become independent," says TenBroek. "It then functions as the staff did."

Each group starts by solving its individual and group problems, then moves out into the community. Some members are being elected as local gov-ernment officials, says TenBroek.

From rural to urban development

Recently, TenBroek became a CRWRC supervisor for the northern section of Bangladesh. Based in Dacca, the capital, she travels through northern Bangladesh consulting on six projects. She develops health programs, teaches health and trains staff. Daring works as a staff training co-ordinator.

Although CRWRC's early programs in Bangladesh were mostly rural and agricultural, the agency is now working in Dacca, where many people are moving from the countryside.

"We're learning to apply our rural expertise to an urban setting," says TenBroek. "It's been difficult. In Bangladesh, community is so important — where you're from, who you are. In Dacca, you've got people from all over the country." Thus, people in Dacca tend to distrust each other and are reluctant to save money together. So CRWRC has had to adapt its co-operatives to an urban setting. "Our groups can only be three or five rather than 15 or 20," says TenBroek.

Working as a Christian organization can be a real challenge in Bangladesh. "We have to be very careful in what we're doing," says TenBroek. "We're registered as a development organization. They know we're Christian.... It's important that we show in our lives that we're believers and what that means."

Bangladesh is 85 per cent Muslim, 12 per cent Hindu and barely one per cent Christian. But Daring comes from the Garo tribe, which is 95 per cent Christian. Recently, the Garos celebrated 100 years of Christianity. The tribe is matrilineal, and "women get the priority everywhere," says Daring.

Ten Broek adds, "They're accepted by Muslims more than by Hindu-background Christians."

Daring has worked forming women's co-operatives and now supervises eight staff. "I'm not interested in relief work because it makes people more dependent," she says. "CRWRC work is different.... I can work closely with the poor people."

CRWRC works short-term with projects so that one day local people can take control and run the projects independently. Daring likes that. CRWRC helps the Bangladeshi people by developing their skills and respecting their culture, she says.

This was Daring's first visit to Canada. She finds it interesting and sees sharp contrasts with Bangladeshi culture. Her culture has rules but no enforcement, she says, but things are more organized in Canada.

In Bangladesh, CRWRC works with six partner organizations and promotes co-operation between different Christian groups in the country.

Associate editor Van Til to take medical leave

CC's Marian VanTil, who has been suffering from Crohns for the past 15 years, will be submitting to surgery for the second time in eight years on May 9. This time again a part of her small intestine will be taken away. She is expected to take a month to recuperate.

Her cats will sorely miss her; so will her husband, Ed Cassidy. But none will miss her as much as the border guards at the Queenston/Lewiston bridge. They look forward every morning to seeing Marian squeal through the toll booths, with two frantic cats holding onto the upholstery. For a month the border will not be patrolled, putting dozens of American and Canadian guards out of work. "Get well soon," reads a card just received from Bill and Hillary Clinton, who must now adjust their deficit figures for the year 1995.

We at CC wish Marian well, and ask our readers to join us in sending up a prayer for her, that the operation may go well and that she may receive a new spurt of health and energy.

Bert Witvoet

Unusual tulip commemorates liberation

GODERICH, Ont. — Lots of towns plant tulips, but Goderich, Ont., has one like no other: a huge tulip-shaped iron sculpture which encloses a fountain. "Planted" on March 18, it was donated by the town's Dutch inhabitants to commemorate the 50th anniversary of VE Day on May 5.

Dutch Liberation Committee chair Kase VandenHeuvel says the design has two interpretations: the five petals of a tulip, or five people with hands upraised and clasped. "It shows a sense of brotherhood, liberation...celebration and hope," he says.

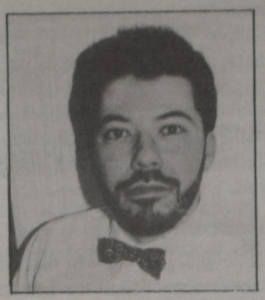
There'll be one central water jet, and a curtain of water spilling from each of the arms. Lights at the base will illuminate the water in warm weather and an ice sculpture in winter. The basic idea came from "a professional in Toronto," with local input, and was then realized by Goderich architect Adolfo Spaleta.

(Files provided by Kase VandenHeuvel.)

Learning lessons from history

POLITICS

David Koyzis



Last month marked the 20th anniversary of the end of the Vietnam War, which divided Americans as no other conflict had since the Civil War a century earlier. What began as part of a well-intended effort to contain communism in Southeast Asia eventually turned sour, leaving three million Vietnamese and 58,000 Americans dead.

Now Robert McNamara, former defence secretary under presidents Kennedy and Johnson, and one of their "best and brightest," has made an extraordinary public admission that is reopening old wounds and provoking further debate over this painful chapter in American history. After a silence of 30 years, McNamara has conceded that early in the war it became clear to him that they were fighting a losing battle with no clear goals and no essential U.S. interests at stake.

Veterans groups are already reacting with anger, and General William Westmoreland, who was in charge of prosecuting the war in its early years, has bitterly denied McNamara's claim. The Vietnam War Memorial in Washington, D.C., is one of the more visited sites in that city, as family members come to pay their respects and mourn the loss of soldiers who gave their lives in an apparently pointless conflict.

Hazardous undertaking

Drawing lessons from history is always a hazardous undertaking, especially when that history is still the subject of controversy. The architects of the war believed they were applying the lessons of Munich in 1938 — that appeasement of a potential enemy is wrong. Obviously, they made a rather serious error in judgment.

So what is to be learnt from the American failure in Vietnam? At the very least, it points up the folly of those who believe in their own omnipotence. Both Kennedy and Johnson believed in the ability of their governments to do virtually any task set before them. Kennedy had promised that the United States would "bear any burden" and "pay any price" to defend liberty around the world. Johnson tried to fight three wars simultaneously — against poverty, against racial discrimination, and against communism in Southeast Asia. Neither president had a proper sense of the limits of government.

I grew up in the U.S. during this period and recall the social turmoil engendered by the war. In the public schools we were taught that the United States had never lost a war — notwithstanding a quite different Canadian interpretation of the War of 1812! We Christians were given to believe that God had a special purpose for the United States and that whatever war it undertook to fight was just, virtually by that fact alone. Vietnam and Watergate effectively shattered these misconceptions for many of us.

Understanding the limits

McNamara professes to be dismayed by the general cynicism that has overtaken Americans in the wake of the Vietnam failure. Indeed cynicism is not a good thing. But if the war can be said to have had a positive effect at all, it is perhaps in helping Americans to understand better the limits of government and to give them a more realistic appreciation of their own country as something less than invincible.

True patriotism cannot rest on the flimsy basis of national self-importance. It does not mean uncritically supporting policies that may be unjust, or foolish, or both. Loyalty to country means standing with it through thick and thin, refusing to worship it — for its own good — and in all things holding it accountable to God's command to do justice.

David T. Koyzis teaches political science at Redeemer College, Ancaster, Ont.

Give us your best shot

Lily, you're beautiful!

Sophie Ensing of Victoria, B.C. took this picture in July of 1992. "In Victoria we have many foreign students," writes Sophie. "This young wife of an Ambonese student was so happy this day. Lily told me that in her country everyone watched *The Little House on the Prairie*. So I dressed her up in this outfit, borrowed a neighbor's hat, picked flowers from my garden and drove her to Elk Lake, Victoria, where we found some tall grass. Lily, you're beautiful!"

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Editorial

The taste of freedom in our mouths

This special liberation day issue includes the stories of several readers who survived the Second World War. Most Dutch-Canadians over the age of 55 can tell you a few stories about scary and dangerous moments of the war. It was an unforgettable time in which both good and evil showed itself in unusual dimensions.

To a certain extent, life went on in occupied Holland after the Nazis invaded the country. It must be said that the German soldiers generally behaved themselves over against the population, except in cases of arrests and raids.

But the longer the war lasted,the stronger the impact of the occupation became. Within that gradually deteriorating situation some very drastic and traumatic things happened to many Dutch people. There were the raids that rounded up Jews, people of the underground, young men of military age, people who hid other people. There were the reprisal executions of innocent citizens. There were the concentration camps that we learned more about after the war. There was the hunger winter of 1944 that was especially hard on people in the larger cities. There were the bombings and shellings as Allied planes targeted strategic places, and the fighting as Allied forces made their way north. Some people were physically and emotionally scarred for life.

The sun broke through

But for all people who were in that war-torn and war-weary country called the Lowlands in 1945, there was that amazing moment of liberation that seemed to wipe all dark clouds from the sky and bring out the bright light of freedom. Many of us were liberated by Canadian forces. Who can forget the sight of those first tanks, jeeps, motorcycles and infantrymen making their way through the countryside and into the towns where jubilant crowds waved and cheered them on. It was an Easter type of experience. The Lord had risen. New life had begun.

Freedom flowed over us like a waterfall. Rule by benign laws engulfed us. The police, the courts and the legislatures meant something again. Education was liberated, as was industry, farming, preaching and publishing. Freedom of speech and freedom of association. Freedom of religion and of politics. And all of that was symbolized in the raising of the red, white and blue flag and the generous display of the color orange, which linked us with the royal family.

It was as if we were dreaming. How could it be that one day we were under the tyrannical hand of the Nazis and the next we were restored to self rule and dignity by the Allied armies? We felt like the Israelites returning from captivity: "Our mouths were filled with laughter, our tongues with songs of joy." We danced in the streets to the music of the local band.

Freedom. One doesn't it appreciate it until it has been taken away.

That was 50 years ago. Today we join all those who survived in saying once more, "Thank you!" Thank you, God, and thank you, brave soldiers who died and who liberated us. God bless the veterans in their remaining years. May they experience the freedom of being liberated by Jesus Christ, now and in their last day on earth. **BW**

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Canadians tops in science or in scientism?

A University of Chicago-led study tested people in 20 industrialized countries to see how much they knew about science and the environment. The survey asked only 12 questions. Administered in Canada by Carleton University of Ottawa, the study surveyed some 1,451 Canadians. The results worldwide showed that Canadians rank number one. Isn't that wonderful?

We thought so, until we read some of the questions. The study asked people to answer true or false to 12 statements:

* All radiation is made by humans (false).
* Antibiotics kill bacteria but not viruses (true).
* All pesticides used on food crops cause cancer in humans (false).
* Human beings developed from earlier species (true).

Whoa! Wait a minute. That last question is not a test of one's knowledge but a test of one's beliefs. Where or when has science ever proved that human beings developed from earlier species?

This stark misrepresentation of scientific theory contaminates the whole survey, we say. Just think, one of 12 questions is not a valid test of one's knowledge. That seriously affects the outcome of scores.

We all know that the U.S. tends to have a higher percentage than Canada of conservative Christians and of people who believe that human beings were created. Suppose that comparatively more Americans answered false to the question about evolution than Canadians, would that not invalidate the comparison between Canadians and Americans? Can we now say that Canadians know more about science and the environment than Americans, who ranked seventh?

To see this kind of stuff prepared and administered by universities and the results published by major newspapers without any hint of doubt about the confusion between theory and fact, belief and observation in at least one of the 12 questions, is a most disturbing thing. These leaders are blind to their own prejudices.

Let's see how many university professors and editors can pass this scientific question: Jesus Christ rose from the dead (true). **BW**

Schools get kids to turn 'green'

Environmental

Housekeeping

John Wood

It was an unusual school assembly. First, the parking lot was jammed on a warm spring night. Then Michael Recycle, the eight-foot high perpetually jolly mascot of the waste management branch, greeted us at the door with a "Worms Eat My Garbage" pamphlet.

Michael is, I'm sure, a lineal descendent of the Tin Man from the Wizard of Oz. His spandex body simulates a pile of newspapers, his ersatz shoes are sardine cans and his head an aluminum can look-a-like. I'm not sure about the brains, but wow does he have a heart! Five years after stepping onto the environmental action road, Belvedere Elementary School was turning "Emerald" and people were celebrating.

The Green Plan, announced with such fanfare some years ago, has faded almost as much as the fortunes of the last federal government. But there is another "green plan" that is alive and well. This one is working to make every one of Canada's 15,000 elementary and secondary schools a Green School. The idea is simple and the results are changing neighborhoods and preparing a generation of environmental citizens.

Students are asked to take some action to either enhance the environment or to communicate an environmental idea to others. When a school has completed 100 environmental projects it can display its Green School banner. There are 4,000 schools now in the Learners in Action program and 1,000 have already become Green Schools. The enthusiasm generated at most schools is high, so naturally they don't want to stop at just 100 projects. So what's next?

The program now extends to include three more color-coded levels. Jade School status comes at 250 projects, Emerald at 500, and the ultimate goal is to complete 1,000 projects and become an Earth School. Belvedere is one of only 50 schools across Canada to have reached Emerald status. They did it in only five years. Now they are on the way to join eight others who have become Earth Schools.

Local action is the secret to the success of this uniquely Canadian program. Individuals do things that fit into their curriculum and their community. Children are rewarded for the hard work they do and gain the satisfaction of caring for the earth.

"Preparing for citizens." I have always thought that this phrase sounded pretentious and even a little sinister. It seems to have the notion of social engineering buried in it. But it is our task as Christians to facilitate the transformation of society. I think that this means we need to help develop the habits of stewardship in our children. Some adults bemoan the fact that youth culture is so different today. We don't seem to share a common culture or common values. But in the area of stewardship of the earth I think we do.

The one thing that we all seem to agree on is that the earth is in trouble. The nature and extent of this trouble is debated widely, but it is clear that we must take action. The Green School program helps children learn to be responsible for the world they live in right now. It prepares them for the future by exercising the abilities they have already developed. It seems to me that Learners in Action has hit upon a central biblical principle of stewardship. We all need to take some action, "to reduce, reuse and recycle," as Michael Recycle would say.

I would encourage you to emulate this program in your community group or school. The SEEDS Foundation, Edmonton (10215-112 St., T5J 1A5), has both written and video materials about how you can start your school in the program. It is nice to know that Canada has one green plan that is working.

John R. Wood teaches environmental science at The King's University College, Edmonton.

50th Anniversary Rearview Mirror

The following report appeared in the Jan.15, 1960, issue of Calvinist Contact. *The reporter, Leo Jonker, now math professor at Queen's University in Kingston, Ont., gave the readers a taste of what Rev. Francois Guillaume talked about. An interesting statement Guillaume made was that a true Calvinist does not ask "How can I be saved?" but "How can I bring honor to God?" Do we still believe that?*

Calvinist Contact January 1960

Young People's Activities

LEADERS' CONFERENCE OF SIMCOE LEAGUE

Despite the bad weather, more than sixty young people gathered in Brampton on Saturday, December 12, to attend the Simcoe League's Leaders' Conference.

League president W. Luinstra presided over this meeting, which started at 3 p.m.

The president opened the meeting, read Acts 7, and then introduced the speaker, Rev. F. Guillaume of Toronto. His speech was entiteld: "How to Defend the Faith." Rev. Guillaume told us that to defend our faith we must have a thorough knowledge of our doctrine; accordingly, the speaker outlined the Christian Reformed doctrine. He said first of all that the important question asked by a true Calvinist is not: "How can I be saved", but: "How can I bring honour to God"; second, that as Calvinists we believe that the Bible is infallible; and in the third place, that we accept the absolute Kingship of Christ, not only in the life to come, but also in this life. The speaker also summarized the Canons of Dort. The principles expressed in that creed are: Total depravity; Unconditional election; Limited atonement; Irresistible grace; Perseverance of saints. As you can see, the initial letters of these phrases form the word: "Tulip". A good discussion, led by vice-president E. DeHaan, followed the speech. For an hour and a half questions were raised by the young people, and answered by the speaker. Finally, Rev. Guillaume closed the afternoon meeting with prayer.

After we had enjoyed supper, prepared and served by some girls of the Brampton Y.P.S., the evening programme was started. W. Luinstra moderated in the panel discussion, which was entiteld: "Social Activities of the Young People". The topic was divided into two parts: 1. The after-recess program; 2. Social activities outside the regular meetings. After the four members of the panel had given their opinion on a question, the young people present would be asked to express theirs. E. DeHaan finally closed the meeting with thanksgiving and prayer. A snack was set before us yet, so that we were refreshed physically as well as spiritually when we finally left to return to our homes.

Leo Jonker (Reporter).

Letter

A half-empty church no sign of blessing

In his article "I prefer the p.m. service" (CC, April 28) Bill Van Dyk explains why he prefers the more quiet afternoon service, and criticizes the morning worship service.

I feel that we sometimes take things for granted. We grow up in church, our friends are from the same church, we go to school or university with people from the same denomination. At some point we no longer see the good things the church has to offer us.

Another story could be told. I immigrated to Canada six years ago and ended up in a church where the morning worship services are like the one described in the article. What a difference that made in my life!

In the Netherlands I was a member of a Christian Reformed Church. People went to church only Sunday morning (there were no afternoon services anymore because of poor attendance). For some people it was even too much to say good morning to others. They came to church and left right after. No greeters, no ushers, sermons too difficult to understand, no special music, no coffee in a fellowship hall to give you the opportunity to meet people. After church almost everyone went back to their homes and spent time with their families. I realize that we all need special time together as a family, but to me it seemed cold – not a church where I felt at home. I speak from my experience and know that there are many people with other experiences.

When I went to our church in Canada for the first time there were people who greeted me at the door. After the service members would introduce themselves and start a conversation and they, in turn, introduced me to other people. Some of them have become very good friends. I sure felt welcome as a stranger in a new country and a new church.

We have been blessed with a good minister whose sermons are easy to listen to and encouraging. It happens that during the week I may struggle with something, and when I attend church the following Sunday the sermon touches on the subject that kept me occupied — as if it had been written especially for me. Do you see God's leading hand in that? I'm sure I'm not the only one who has experienced this.

Our church has that "special" music and readings, hospitality couples, greeters and ushers (often young people) and more. We are trying to use all the special gifts and talents God gave to each member, and many of those are used during the worship service. It's just wonderful to see all those people involved.

It could be otherwise, you know! We could have a half-empty church in the morning and no afternoon service at all. Is that what we want? Shouldn't we be thankful that in times like these our churches are filled and that we "are crammed into our pews" and have a little bit of trouble finding a seat?

Ingrid Torn
St. Catharines, Ont.

Church

Bible League adds two new offices in strategic locations

BURLINGTON, Ont. (TBL) — The Bible League has announced the opening of two new ministry offices — in Sofia, Bulgaria, and Novosibirsk, Siberia. The Bible League (formerly World Home Bible League) is an international Scripture placement and church planting ministry with offices in 26 countries around the world. In 1994 The League placed 20,665,878 Scriptures and planted 1,252 churches worldwide.

Both new offices are located in areas that were formerly under Communist rule. Bulgaria's government was a particularly repressive regime under which Christians were severely persecuted. Many Bulgarians today express a desire for hope, identity and purpose. Mission groups like The Bible League hope to fulfil this desire by providing Scriptures and introducing people to Jesus Christ.

The Bible League has been delivering Scriptures to churches and Christians in the former Soviet Union since the fall of Communism in 1990. The League established its first office in Kiev, Ukraine, in 1991, and since then has opened additional offices in Almaty (Kazakhstan), Minsk (Belarus), and Moscow (Russia). Its newest establishment in Siberia increases its representation to five offices on the largest continent in the world. All of these offices are staffed and run by local Christians, in accordance with Bible League policy.

Siberia no longer remote

In 1994 nearly three million people in the former Soviet Union received Scriptures from The Bible League. By adding a new office, The Bible League hopes to reach more than 500,000 people in Siberia in 1995.

During 1993 and 1994 approximately 181,173 people in Bulgaria received Bible League Scriptures (although distribution throughout the rest of Eastern Europe exceeded 2.9 million). Having an office in Sofia, The League believes, should greatly increase its effectiveness in an area of the world still suffering Communism's ill effects. The League's 1995 goals for Bulgaria include providing 25,000 Bibles, 25,000 New Testaments, 25,000 children's Bibles, and 100,000 evangelistic Scripture portions. In reaching these goals The Bible League hopes to work closely with the Alliance for Saturation Church Planting.

For more information about the Bible League's ministry in Eastern Europe, the former Soviet Union, or elsewhere in the world, contact Rev. John Klomps at The Bible League, P.O. Box 5037, Burlington, ON L7R 3Y8 (1-800-363-WORD).

DNA testing useful with Dead Sea Scrolls

JERUSALEM, Israel (EP) — DNA testing has become a national topic of conversation thanks to the O.J. Simpson trial, but it is also proving helpful in determining the origins of thousands of Dead Sea Scroll manuscript fragments. The ancient manuscripts were written on tanned animal hides, and through research using the genetic codes of the skins, researchers are able to identify, from a piece of tissue, whether the document came from a goat, sheep or ibex. According to an article in *Dispatch from Jerusalem*, this will help determine which fragments go together. The already-identified Dead Sea Scrolls are now available on CD-ROM, thanks to Logos, a company specializing in Bible-related computer programs.

"The Dead Sea Scrolls Revealed" allows the computer user to travel through a 3-D reconstruction of Kirbet Qumran as it stood in the Second Temple Period, as well as seeing hundreds of photos, illustrations, film clips, and all the major scrolls and fragments, with translations into English. A second program, "Archaeological Treasures of the Holy Land," is currently under production by the Israel Antiquities Authority, and will be released later this year. It will present the most famous and rarest archaeological finds from 10,000 BC to the present day.

Will tractors lead to Amish secularization?

CLARITA, Okla. (EP) — Modernization has come to the Amish farmers of Clarita, Oklahoma. Last fall Amish leaders voted to allow tractors to handle fieldwork because of the hard soil in the area. Though black soil means fertile ground in other parts of the country, the Amish in Clarita have discovered that their ground is merely hard to work.

The decision to use tractors has led some traditionalists to leave the religious community because of a concern that the change would take the group "away from the mainstream of Amish society." Traditionalists also warn that changing the traditional lifestyle could mean increased mobility, scattered families, commercialized farming and debt. Some other Amish communities have also introduced tractors over the years, but most Amish communities shun all modern conveniences.

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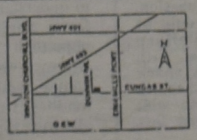

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Church

Love your enemies

Andrew Kuyvenhoven
CHAPTER & VERSE

Fifty years ago I emerged from my hiding place wearing blue overalls with an orange armband, and a stengun slung across my chest. Our group rounded up the town's Nazis and collaborators including the Nazi-appointed mayor. And we celebrated freedom! The fifth of May 1945 remains one of the happiest days of my life. We had a thanksgiving service in a packed church. I believe the preacher's sermon was on Psalm 124: "Praise be to the Lord...; the snare has been broken and we have escaped." Many cried for joy when we sang the national anthem in church.

For 50 years I have re-lived the war experiences and I have frequently thought about the role of the church in our overt and covert resistance. The lives of my parents and extended family were thoroughly imbedded in a Calvinistic tradition of the Christian faith. This tradition supplied the basic motive for most of our actions. But the Dutch Calvinistic tradition was wedded to Dutch nationalism. We believed in our independence and in the God-ordained rights of the House of Orange as firmly as we believed in God himself.

Never the enemy

The church inspired our resistance to the Nazis and our faith was the source of hope for a better day. Constantly we prayed for freedom, for all who were persecuted and for our lawful, exiled government. But we never prayed for our enemies.

The church helped us to discern some issues. I remember how, in 1942, an interdenominational message was read from the pulpits, condemning the Germans for mistreating our Jewish neighbors. That was a much-needed, pastoral and courageous message. But I cannot remember one instance in which we were forced to come to terms with these words of Jesus: " Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father in heaven" (Matt.5:44).

I still admit that there are times when it may be God's will that we resist demonic deeds with force. We may have to fight until death. But fighting seldom springs from pure motives. And the force of arms, by itself, brings no Christian solution. Jesus gave his life-blood for his enemies. But he did not fight them until death; he loved them till death.

I know people who laid down their lives for their friends, just as "Jesus Christ laid down his life for us" (1 John 3:16). And "greater love has no one" than those who risk their lives to save others (cf. John 15:13). I am not saying that we did not try to imitate Jesus in that respect. But we failed to tackle the question of how we should have loved our enemies.

Uniquely Christian

And here's where a person's behavior becomes uniquely Christian. For "if you love those who love you" you are still no different from anybody else. But we are sons and daughters of our Father in heaven when we love those who abuse us (cf. Matt.5:43-47).

I thank God for the Christian community that instructed me in my early youth through my teen-age years. But I accuse the church of my youth for permitting us to hate our enemies and failing to teach us the deeper implications of the love of God in Christ Jesus.

Andrew Kuyvenhoven is a retired minister of the Christian Reformed Church, who lives in Grand Rapids, Mich.

Spiritual revival visits Christian colleges in U.S.

BROWNSVILLE, Tex. (EP) — Christian colleges across the U.S. are reporting that spiritual revival has broken out among students.

The wave of revival began at Howard Payne University, a Baptist school southwest of Dallas, and spread from there across the nation, as students travelled to other Christian campuses to share their experience of repentance and revival.

Howard Payne University schedules revival meetings each semester, but this year's was something out of the ordinary, explained Dr. Donnie Auvenshine, dean of the university's School of Christian Studies.

Anticipation

The campus was in a state of anticipation because of a significant experience of repentance and prayer at nearby Coggin Avenue Baptist Church in late January. During the Feb. 14 revival meeting on campus, two students who had asked to speak took the occasion to publicly repent of sins involving lust. Dozens of young men joined them in repentance, followed by dozens of women, resulting in a prayer meeting that ran late into the night and drew hundreds to the altar.

"This revival was characterized by public confession of sin, and a commitment to a closer walk with the Lord," said Auvenshine. "We pray that this experience will continue to demonstrate its effects in the lives of us who were here."

Students from Howard Payne University visited other campuses, including Wheaton College, where two spoke at the weekly meeting of the World Christian Fellowship. After the revival at the Texas school was described, the microphones were open for students to share burdens and confess sins. The meeting that began Sunday evening adjourned the following morning at 6 a.m. with students still in line waiting to speak. Meetings continued throughout the week at Wheaton College, with crowds of some 1,500 gathering for praise, testimony, and confession of sin.

"The personal sharing within the body of Christ here at Wheaton College has been spiritually sensitive and biblically grounded," said Dr. Stephen Kellough, chaplain of the college. "The depth and breadth of the confession, repentance and reconciliation point to a divine initiative. Every factor seems to confirm the fact that we are experiencing an authentic work of the Sovereign Lord who has chosen to visit us in a powerful way."

The revival continues to spread from campus to campus. Wheaton College students visited Northwestern College in St. Paul, Minnesota, sparking a campus revival. Then, Northwestern College Students travelled to Crown College west of Minneapolis, bringing revival with them.

How real is it?

The term "revival" is actually a little problematic. Though examples of spiritual revival can be found in Scripture, the term "revival" itself is not a biblical word and it is used in different ways by different people.

Most church historians who have studied revival agree that while the current wave of renewal sweeping America's Christian campuses may well be the beginning of revival; only time will tell.

"The real test of revivals is what the results are some time down the road," said Charles Ailing, a history professor at Northwestern College. "It's difficult to look at one this close on and come to any conclusion. But if you look at the Great Awakening in the 18th century, people's lives were affected for 40 years."

Though definitions of revival are somewhat nebulous, Dr. Greg Boyd, professor of theology at Bethel College in St. Paul, likes the definition of 19th century revivalist Charles Finney, who "talked about it as a rekindling of a passion for God, a renewal of one's first love where the things of God — the Gospel — become visibly real to a person and impact and change their life. Revival occurs when you begin to experience what you have always known to be true."

One thing most students of revival agree upon is that genuine revival cannot be generated by human means alone. Dr. Lewis Drummond, who is the Billy Graham professor of evangelism at Beeson Divinity School at Samford University in Birmingham, Alabama, and author of "Eight Keys to Biblical Revival" (Bethany) said, "These things rest in the sovereignty of God. You cannot generate a spiritual awakening. If it's God's hour, God will do something great and incredible. If it's not God's hour, then we just thank God for what is going on."

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Liberation

Day of deliverance — *Good Friday, March 30, 1945*

Henry Lammers

My birthplace, Aalten, in the Netherlands, is situated about 10 km from the German border in the eastern province of Gelderland. This quiet rustic town which in 1945 had a population of about 12,000, was liberated by a British army unit on Good Friday, 1945. A young boy of eight then, I can still vividly recall that day, as well as many details leading up to that wonderful event in my early life. Allow me to share some of these memories.

It was a beautiful sunny day. The temperature was near freezing early that morning. On Good Friday as on all religious holidays and Sundays, my family, along with many other devout inhabitants of this predominantly Protestant town, would attend church at 10 o'clock in the morning to commemorate Christ's death on the cross.

However, this particular Good Friday all churches were empty since Sunday, Jan. 30, the year before, all large gatherings were forbidden. On that day of rest in 1944 German soldiers had in a surprise move, circled the church and rudely interrupted the service. Through a window the organist saw the Nazis coming and warned the minister. However the warning was too late!

All able-bodied men frantically tried to avoid capture. They scrambled into the steeple, behind the organ loft, as well as in the space above the high ceiling. When in some spots the ceiling cracked and chunks of plaster fell down, Nazi soldiers looked up and quickly flushed the men out of their hiding places. At the end of the raid, 42 men, many of them teenagers, were rounded up, arrested and herded onto trucks waiting in front of the church. Three of the men who were caught that fateful Sunday morning died in Nazi captivity.

Looking back at the historical record it was remarkable and impressive how religious leaders of different persuasions, and ordinary residents, regardless of whether they were Protestant or Catholic or non-religious, almost everyone in town practised human compassion and charity toward fellow human being who were persecuted, homeless and hungry.

Many people, especially farmers, risked the lives of themselves and their families by hiding Jews. One family friend, an aging farmer with a large family, hid as many as 50 Jewish men, women and children for several years in his barn behind piles of straw and hay over the farm animals. Many other examples of heroism could be cited.

After the Nazis had mercilessly bombed Rotterdam in May 1940 scores of homeless teenagers from that ravaged city were housed with families, including our family. Numerous young men, called "divers" were hiding in haylofts, barns, attics and basements to avoid capture by the Nazis.

The once "invincible" German Wehrmacht (army) was only a shadow of its former might by March 1945. Remnants of Hitler's soldiers were driven ahead by Allied armies ever since the Normandy Invasion on June 6, 1944. To avoid getting killed and injured during the increasing air attacks, neighbors had bonded together as early as 1943 to construct bomb shelters.

Watching the skies

From the early years of the war waves of Allied bombers flew over the eastern provinces of the Netherlands to drop their bombs in Germany's industrial heartland, which was no more than 100 km from Aalten. The nearest German city which was heavily bombed on several occasions, was Bocholt, only 20 km from my home town.

During the closing months of the war we would often stand outside in broad daylight to watch thousands of Allied bombers passing overhead, with deafening roars on their way to Germany to complete their destructive missions.

Uncertain fate

During earlier flights in 1943-44 several bombers had been shot down, quite often during the night, by German artillery in and around Aalten. Many Allied airmen were killed as their burning aircraft came hurtling down after having been shot by flak. Those pilots who were fortunate enough to eject with their parachutes often got tangled up in trees, were strangled or were shot to death by Nazis.

Many airmen who landed safely were captured by the Nazis. Quite a number of pilots were spirited back to Great Britain via Portugal by the underground, who had devised this daring rescue route through enemy territory.

During quiet intervals, when there was no shooting, us boys in the neighborhood played soccer and popular war games with toy guns made from sticks. We wore "helmets" of old cooking pans kept on our heads with strings under the chin.

This kind of play helped children like myself deal with the horrors of war. In my hometown the number of dead show how severely Aalten was affected: 98 civilians, 35 additional Jewish men, women and children, 20 Allied soldiers and the same number of Germans died in air raids, combat or concentration camps.

Irregular schooling

Under these hazardous conditions children like myself could not attend school regularly. To be in a school building in large numbers was simply too risky because of constant danger of air attacks. Incidentally, at the time schools were often used to billet Nazi troops. Therefore, ways were devised by education officials to teach students in small groups of five or six. This improvised schooling usually took place in church annexes, small buildings or private homes. Teachers would instruct students on a rotary basis during short sessions of two or three hours in the morning or afternoon. Amazingly, with great credit to the courage and organization skills of local educational officials and teachers, students missed very little schooling. I remember there was always a lot of homework in those days, even in elementary school.

COURTESY HENRY LAMMERS

Henry Lammers (front, centre) with his Grade 2 class at Wilhelmina Elementary School.

As freedom drew ever closer everyone was filled with burning anticipation. This universal feeling of approaching victory by the Allies was almost electric, and helped people cope with the daily drudgery, danger and hardships. Some of these unsettling and disturbing situations even seemed comical when the danger had passed. A good sense of humor was certainly an asset, at any time to be sure, but particularly in wartime.

The last night of the war, like countless other nights before, was again spent by our family — my father, mother, sister and me — in a dark basement. This time the shelter was under a farmhouse, further away from town; it was considered to be safer here. The farmer and his wife, close friends of my parents, spent that last night with my family.

Speaking of a comic situation, with hindsight's luxury of being safe, I recall that the previous night several Nazis had dropped in unexpectedly and decided to sleep with us in the shelter, though these solders appeared exhausted and undisciplined, they treated us with respect. Their uniforms were dirty, and torn, and their faces grimy and covered with stubbled beards. They didn't speak as they leaned their rifles against the wall and put their helmets on the floor beside them. In the middle of the night they suddenly got up and stumbled into the starlit night to avoid capture by the Allies, who were very close behind them.

In a nearby farm the Nazis had hastily positioned a communication post in a desperate last-minute attempt to stay in contact with the retreating German front line. Around that farm sentries had been posted. Perhaps those soldiers who had spent a few hours with us in the basement tried to link up with this radio post.

However, as we learned later, the soldiers with a radio had also left in the middle of the night and loaded up their equipment and had quickly left without firing a shot.

Morning rituals

Early Friday morning, Good Friday, our liberation day, as the sun peeked over the horizon, I got up and straightened my crumpled clothing. We had not worn pyjamas for many nights. Water in a pail was used to wash face and hands. It was too dangerous to use the old pump with the big handle upstairs behind the kitchen. There was no soap.

Occasional bursts of machine gun fire and other gunshots could be heard. My mother combed my hair with a very fine comb in order to catch any lice that might be there. My sister received the same treatment. We had grown used to this daily early morning ritual — quite unpleasant but necessary and unavoidable, in my mother's opinion. After all, Dutch cleanliness had to prevail, even in war time! Shortly after the war everyone, young and old, was ordered to get disinfected under showers in a slaughterhouse under the watchful eyes of public health

officials.

In a recent conversation I had with my 83-year-old mother who has now lived in St. Catharines, Ont., for many years, she relived her vivid memories of the early morning hours of March 30, 1945. Her voice was filled with emotion as she recalled (speaking in the local dialect) those special moments when we saw the first British soldiers, affectionately called Tommies: "Slowly one by one we came out of the bomb shelter to watch in awe the approaching Tommies, some riding in Jeeps and others walking on the dirt road all the time pointing their machine guns, ready to shoot at Nazi snipers who might be hiding behind trees, under growth, or behind farm buildings and hedges.

Suddenly someone broke the silence and erupted with shouts of joy, waving arms excitedly, smiling and crying at the same time. Just as suddenly everyone of us joined in enthusiastically, some wiping away tears from their eyes. While standing there in front of the farmhouse we could hear in the distance occasional gunshots and machine gun fire, so it was really quite foolish to stand there in the open. Anyone of us could have easily been struck down dead by a stray bullet."

Too early to celebrate

My mother today shakes her head disapprovingly when she relates how her husband, my dad, and the farmer walked right over to one of the passing Jeeps and climbed aboard to join the smiling and joking Tommies. With a sigh of relief she recounts that, fortunately, my daredevil father and the farmer returned safely about an hour later saying that they had wisely been told by the British soldiers to return home as quickly as possible since there were still too many fleeing Nazis on the loose, sniping at them from hidden spots throughout the area.

Even though our group had tasted freedom, there was still war and the possibility of getting killed was still real. In fact, 10 Allied soldiers, as well as several Germans, were killed in an ambush hours after our first encounter with the Tommies in front of the farmhouse early that day. Tragically one local Dutch freedom fighter was shot dead near Aalten one day *after* we had been liberated. His name was Herman Huinink, 25 years old. He was buried a few days later with full military honors in the presence of a large crowd, as well as high ranking local and military officials.

Everywhere Germans had planted landmines as well as other explosives. Shortly after the liberation of Aalten three children, aged 5, 6 and 8 years old, living nearby our house, were killed instantly while playing with explosives they had found in an open field. The price of war in Aalten, as elsewhere in the world, had been tragically high. Thankfully we survived!

Sincere thanks

On behalf of my family and all Dutch people everywhere I wish to express our deep gratitude to Canada, Great Britain, the U.S. and all other nations whose sons and daughters fought and laid down their lives so that we may have freedom today. I also wish to sincerely thank the many unsung heroes in my hometown and elsewhere, fathers, mothers, caregivers, religious leaders, teachers, doctors, nurses, freedom fighters who helped make life bearable, nursed us back to health, fed us when there was little or no food so that we might enjoy freedom today.

As for me, the best day in my life, with thanks to God, will always be Good Friday, March 30, 1945, liberation day for us in Aalten.

Henry Lammers lives in St. Catharines, Ont.

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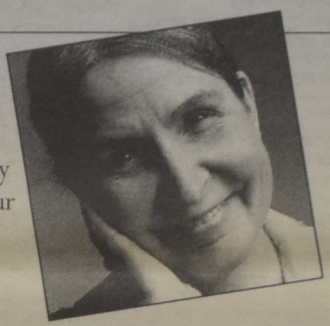

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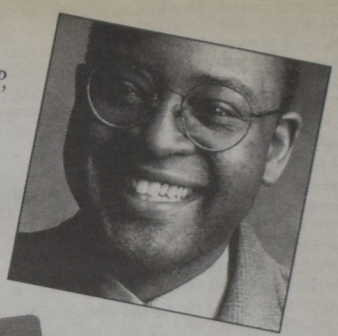

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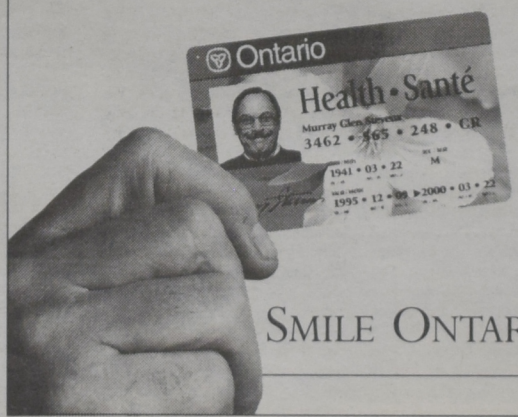

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Liberation

The Dutchman's Dawn

This story was brought home from the Second World War by a member of the signals corp, who was often involved in contact with the underground fighters by radio. The scene is a bleak fortress somewhere deep in eastern Europe, probably Hungary.

Stan Clark

"The Dutchman goes tomorrow,"
It was whispered down the tiers of cells.
"Silence," the voice was hard as stone.
Another word and the truncheons
would break brittle collar-bones.
A military firing squad was bad enough
but concussion of the brain
to complete one's earthly walk
was taking war one step too far.

For us underground fighters
the so-called rules of war did not apply.
We were human refuse good only for the grave.
Each morning a certain number
would be sent to their sad fate.

Some would cry and plead for life,
for they were but boys and life was sweet.
Others, careless, would look death
silent in the face and refuse to blink with fear,
refuse the blind fold, one last sweet cigarette.
And laugh at naked bullies
who continued wholesale slaughter
even in the final weeks of war.

The faint tap came down the walls;
Use the code, those secret words of hope
All prisoners have to keep their hearts aflame.
And so odd scratches, strange noises
were heard up and down the cages of despair.

His spirit's good, the message went.
He had told his comrades, "If it's me,
then someone else is spared."
Still, our hearts sank within us.
Surely, not the Dutchman.
He had been our life, our hope,
Our voice of courage through the darkest night.
One thought filled every mind:
If he were gone, how would we survive?

He would preach us little Dutch sermons.
He called them homilies.
I hated them at first.
Then I waited night by night
to hear his Word of Truth.

We all did,
atheists, communists, listened nightly
for his words of hope.
Would he crack as they led him out to die?
Half starved, suffering serious malnutrition.
To crack was easy for the strongest man.

Then I realized his strength
was from another source.
His strength was from another world,
a world I little knew.

His papa had read to him from that strange book,
that book religious people read.
He read it nightly to him when he was small.
Each evening after supper he would light a lamp
and share its sacred truth,
its truth with those he loved.

When the morning death began, I plugged my ears.
I never climbed upon my bunk
to watch their dance of shame.
Today I had to watch as we all did.
Our lips whispered his name,
to say goodbye from our young hearts.

Dawn showed early at that time of year.
It would be a fine spring day.
Too fine a day to kill a man's man.
I heard the firing party march.
Hard boots stomped on unrelenting stone.

The officer's unfeeling voice bawled out the name.
The first wretch cried with agony and fright.
The second weak from torture was too sick to care.
Then the Dutchman's name was called.

He refused their cigarette.
He had another source of comfort.
"No blindfold, please.
I want to remember each face as I return to God."
His heart held no hate,
only pity for what war had done
to young men like himself.

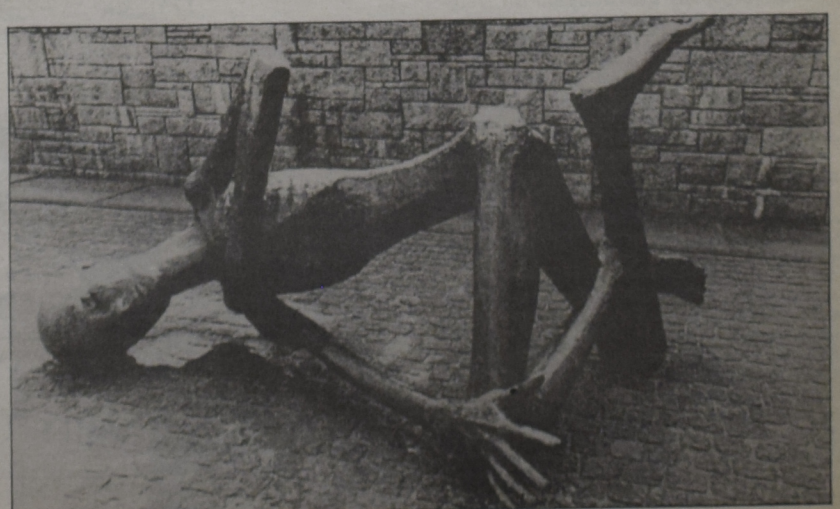
Then the order cut the morning air:
Ready! Aim! Fire!
No shot was heard.
Courage is its own shield and defense.
They couldn't kill a man
they had come to love in secret.

Then I saw him nod toward his heart.
"There it is gentlemen in the middle of my chest.
About as large as a map of Holland,
A land I love more than my life."
The officers screamed in rage.
Finally, the shots rang out.
The great blond body slumped.
The Dutchman died.
That day I knew we'd won our war.

Some of us escaped. They permitted our escape?
The enemy too had had enough of death.
They were just as sick as we
with the stench of hate.

They couldn't face the stare
of men greater than they,
face that stare day after day
and not crack under the strain.
Once the Dutchman died,
They never killed again.

Stan Clark is a poet and pastor who lives in Welland, Ont.



Commemoration site in Neuengamme. Sculpture by Francoise Salmon.

Entertaining strangers

(Hebrews 13:2)

Didy Prinzen

Early one morning in the fall of 1944, my husband, then 17, was awakened by a strong whisper: "I've got two Tommies here!" Under cover of night, one of the leaders of the Dutch underground resistance group had led two airmen to their farm, knowing that they would find a hideaway for them there.

COURTESY DIDY PRINZEN

Frank Dell (left) and Didi's husband next to the Prinzen farm in the summer of 1945.

Meeting in the big kitchen, my husband shook hands with Frank and with Joe — Frank a British, and Joe an American pilot. Little did he know then that half a century later he would be shaking hands with one of the men again.

Feeding the hungry

The men were very hungry and the oldest daughter was awakened to prepare food for them. Father and mother were sound asleep in the front of the big farmhouse. But their son and daughter knew that what they were doing was all right with them — the parents had grown accustomed to underground activities on the farm.

These two airmen were the first of seven who found a safe haven at "Somsenhuus" in the Achterhoek. All seven pilots had jumped out of their burning planes and had landed in German territory. After days of wandering they had found their way to this farm which lay close to the German border.

After Frank and Joe came Bob and Owen, both Americans, followed by Jim from Australia, and Ted, also an American. Chuck was the last to arrive, the only Canadian. The doctor from the village had to come several times to treat him. His face had been severely burned by his plane as it came down. Even now my husband can still see him pacing the barn in agony.

These seven men were cared for by my husband's family of twelve people. When there was no danger, they ate with the family in the big kitchen. However, sometimes their food had to be pulled up in a bucket to their hiding place. This was situated partly above the kitchen and was approximately 3 x 5 metres in size.

Death a few feet away

Of course, everybody was already on the look-out for German soldiers, knowing that Nazi discovery of the pilots would be disastrous. And then one day, their fear became a reality. A number of high-ranking Nazis chose this farm for their headquarters, which brought them in very close proximity to the seven airmen. The pilots were often only a few feet away from the Nazis who frequented the kitchen beneath them. A cough or sneeze could have been fatal; and not only for them.... During their stay, the Nazis expressed astonishment at the huge amounts of food that were being prepared in the kitchen. And little Bennie, only three years old, kept calling a German soldier "Frank" instead of Franz.

During the Nazi occupation of the farm, the men had to stay day and night in their small hideout. It was often difficult for the family to get the food bucket up to them two times a day. It was an extremely anxious time for them; many prayers were sent up for deliverance. Great was the relief when after only about 10 days they saw the Nazi's trucks pulling out of the farm yard.

After the winter of 1944-1945–the darkest of all for occupied Holland–came the spring, and with it liberation! The family saw the airmen, to whom they had grown close, being quickly whisked away on a British tank. However, ties of friendship and gratitude which would last a lifetime had been established.

Shortly after, "Somsenhuus," which had been saved all during the war, was hit by lightning and burned to the ground. Father Prinzen then took his family to Canada, where he passed away in 1962.

In September 1994, half a century later, Frank Dell, the tall, polite Englishman who had been the first to find refuge with the Prinzens, was the last to bid farewell to the woman they all had affectionately called "Moeder." She had taken care of the pilots like they were her own children. Frank had come many times to visit. This time he came in the capacity of president of the Royal Canadian Air Force Escape Society, to present mother with a medal.

However, Frank had to visit "Moeder" in the hospital where she was drifting in and out of consciousness. Now 92 years old, she was nearly at the end of her journey. Two weeks after Frank's visit she passed away.

Moeder still recognized Frank, calling him "Lieve Frank," but she no longer cared about receiving another earthly "reward for bravery." Mother was waiting for her *eternal* reward — the one received by all God's children who have been faithful; yes, also faithful in "practising hospitality" and "entertaining strangers," as she and her husband had done during the war. "Strangers" who had risked their lives for the freedom of others.

Didy Prinzen is a freelance writer who lives in Orono, Ont.

PHOTO: JEFF BOWER, REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION FROM THE PICTOU GAZETTE

In this Nov. 1979 photo, Frank Dell (of Marlow, England) presents a medallion to Dora Prinzen in recognition of the assistance she and her family gave to the former pilot while hiding him from German soldiers during the Second World War.

Liberation

The liberation remembered

Ralph L. De Groot

The first liberator I personally saw was a solitary foot soldier, stealthily coming in my direction on one side of the main street on a bright, crisp day in March of 1945. Holding a tommy gun at the ready, he moved cautiously on the sidewalk, pressing close to the protection afforded by store and residential fronts.

I remember his eyes (perhaps as big from tension as mine must have been in awe) darting from left to right and upwards to windows under gabled roofs on the opposite side of the narrow street.

He wore no helmet or conventional uniform jacket: his green woolen sweater was partially obscured by bandoliers with ammunition pouches; pinecone-shaped hand grenades hung from his belt.

He seemed oblivious to the sound of the single ringing church bell — the other three bells having been removed by the Nazis in 1943 in their search for useable war production material — loudly proclaiming the long-awaited arrival of the Allies.

The red, white and blue Dutch flag being hastily raised and flying high from the Dutch steeple framed by a clear blue sky did not seem to divert his attention. In a young boy's perception this courageous lonesome figure was larger than life.

Now, a half century later, the image remains the same.

As a small number of us youngsters peeked around the corner and jostled for position so as not to miss anything, it happened! During a momentary pause, he cradled his weapon in one arm, casually shifted the greenish tuque on his head with his free hand as if to relieve an itch, then delved into his pants pocket, lifted a package with protuding cigarette to his mouth and lit it with a lighter, all in one fluid motion with the one free hand.

The dam broke! A horde of adults came surging forth from every direction, some to hug him, some to pat him on the back or shoulder, some to assure him in heavily accented English that the Germans had left town on Good Friday the night before. A few thrust flowers on him, but most, so long deprived, reached for that cigarette package.

I remember his startled face breaking into a grin, then a wide smile as he threw the package, cigarettes spilling through the air, over the heads of the pressing crowd onto the middle of the street, resulting in a wild scramble.

This unknown warrior moved on and faded into history but not from memory. It was not the end of war for him, but it was for me.

The date was Saturday, March 31, 1945. The town of Winterswijk in the province of Gelderland, just five kilometres from the German border, was finally free. Perhaps now my sister and I could rejoin our parents.

History in the Netherlands would record the period of September 1944 to May of 1945, as the Hunger Winter. The Dutch railroad workers had gone on strike, seriously affecting the supply to German frontlines. In retaliation, the Nazis stopped the distribution of food and other supplies to western parts of Holland with its several larger cities. Shortages of coal, gas and electricity had set in, and to make matters worse, thousands of civilians were rounded up for deportation as forced laborers in the German war industry. Our Jewish fellow citizens had long since disappeared to face horrors largely unknown at the time.

COURTESY M.C. MEYBOOM

The official daily 'starvation' ration of 665 calories.

COURTESY MENNO TIMMER, MESSRS HOFSTEE AND KIBBINK

Front view of the totally destroyed Timmer residence and store, Wooldstraat, Winterswijk. Taken shortly after the liberation. The crater in front had already been filled in.

Early in November 1944, my mother, acting in consort with a local cell of the resistance, had organized a children's transport in the starved-out city of the Hague, our home. The Nazis bought the excuse, and issued the necessary travel permits. In reality the transport served as cover to move six *onderduikers* (persons in hiding, sought by the Gestapo), to safer havens in Gelderland to the east.

On the open truck the contraband human cargo, bent over on hands and knees and draped with tarmacs, served as benches for 12 children, my sister and I among them.

The 200 kilometre ride, through the dark and bitterly cold night, was delayed time and again at German roadblocks and river checkpoints. While mother, who spoke fluent German, angrily waved official papers denoting hungry children on their way east, nervous soldiers looked at the truck. We restless wriggling of our unstable seating.

When daylight finally broke, lengthy moments were spent off to the side of roads under trees or nearby embankments, as low-flying Allied aircrafts, now dominating the skies, took aim with 20 mm canons at anything that moved, especially trains and trucks.

'Benches' disappear

After crossing the river IJssel, brief stops at hamlets and villages saw a steady reduction in "benches" as well as children, until only my sister and I were left, sitting on a pile of now discarded tarmacs.

Twenty-five kilometres to the south, the Netherlands was already free. There at the river Rhine, Allied forces under the command of Field Marshall Montgomery had come to a stop on September 17, 1944, near the city of Arnhem. Such a short distance; but worlds away from the reality of the open truck on that cold November day.

Arrangements had been made for us to stay with farmer Prinsen just outside the town of Aalten, 11 kilometres south of Winterswijk. Here we arrived some 20 hours after our departure. Having secured a quantity of much sought-after foodstuff for distribution in the Hague, the truck owner, Willem Jansen, the driver, Teun, and my mother returned home two days later. We were not to see or hear from each other again for close to seven months.

At farmer Prinsen's, whose family included two sons, a young boy from the city was in his element. There was heat provided by the huge kitchen stove, and so much rich food that for several days I was ill after each meal — the result of the former city diet of one thick slice of sugar beet and two slices of bread per day, accompanied by some watery soup, for a total of 665 "allocated" calories.

Meal times produced a small army of people around the large farm kitchen table. The elaborate farm spread was home to a four member "knok ploeg" (armed resistance team) working in support of the national organization headed by Mrs. Helena Theodora Kuipers-Rietberg, alias "Tante Riek" (Aunt Riek), alias Theodora Berghuis, from Winterswijk. These men with their big pistols and other hardware came and went at will on their bicycles, their missions as mysterious as the personalities themselves.

There were also two escaped

Allied prisoners of war from Caen, France, who had managed to get away from their guards enroute to Germany, and two Dutch *onderduikers*, one of whom was later to become brother-in-law in Canada. The assorted activities by day and night, as well as the farm operation itself, were an exciting environment.

After several months, conditions were no longer safe and my sister and I were moved to relatives in Winterswijk, our Uncle John and Aunt Hennie Timmer, a baker family with four children. Our new residency and the smell of freshly baked bread was short-lived.

On Feb. 24, 1945, an Allied twin-engine bomber missed its intended target (believed to have been either the nearby railway yards or the local German headquarters) during a night bombing raid, and at 9:45 p.m. accidentally dropped three 500-pound bombs near and on the Timmer property. My older cousin, Jan, standing outside the backyard, was killed instantly by the first bomb. All other adults, and my sister, who were gathered for warmth by the ovens in the free-standing bakery at the rear, were unharmed.

The second bomb exploded on the sidewalk and street in front of the Timmer premises, creating a three-metre-deep crater and knocking the entire dwelling backwards.

The third bomb exploded at the rear and slightly adjacent the knocked-over structure, and here the miracle occurred.

My cousin Hannie Timmer, of my own age, and I, had been sent to bed earlier that evening and were asleep in a second floor bedroom. When the last bomb exploded, I was blown from my bed and out the front window. I landed in the crater of the second bomb, where I awoke wet and scared amidst burst water and gas mains.

The first voice I remember hearing was the frantic cry in Dutch of my sister, "Where's my brother... where's my brother?" I was rescued by Mr. Bruinsteen, a men's wear store owner from across the street, who, with the aid of a ladder, managed to bring me to the surface. There, in the beams of some flashlights, I recoiled from myself: I was covered in blood, but none of it was mine; Mr. Bruinsteen himself was bleeding profusely from multiple cuts from flying glass from his own store windows, behind which he had been standing when the bombs fell.

The same miracle left my cousin Hannie standing dazed but unharmed on top of the very ruins and rubble where but moments ago we had been asleep; no one knows how and by what force or circumstance she got there.

Fifty years later, explanations in human terms remain inadequate and perplexing.

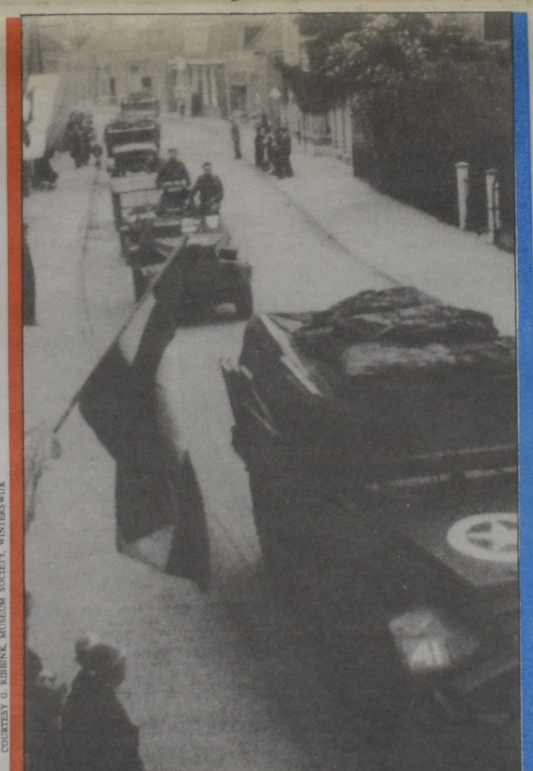
But now, over a month after the bombing, we were free.

The singular soldier, disappearing around the bend at the far end of the street, was the pointman for a reconnaissance platoon of the 4th Battalion, Royal Welsh Fuseliers Regiment, 53rd (Welsh) Division, commanded by Maj. Gen. R.K. Ross, forming part of Lt. Gen. G.G. Simmons' 2nd Canadian Corps, First Canadian Army, now some 500,000 strong, under the overall command of Lt. Gen. H.D. Crearer.

And on they came. First, bren gun carriers with the platoon and a single tank. Then, long columns of trucks with troops and more tanks, with jeeps darting in and out of slowly moving lines of army traffic.

With 1st Canadian Infantry Division moved the RCMP's own No. 1 Provost Company under command of Col. L.H. Nicholson (in post-war years the commissioner of the force), whose men, as regular members of the RCMP, were given the honor of being permitted to wear the RCMP shoulder patches on their military uniforms. No. 1 Provost Company had been overseas since 1939 and had seen action in the Dieppe Raid, the fighting in Sicily and Italy, and on the Western Front.

In the area on the right moved the 7th British Armored Division under Maj. Gen. G.L. Verney, driving to capture Borken and other points beyond, in Germany itself.



COURTESY G. KIBBINK, MUSEUM SOCIETY, WINTERSWIJK

The 'B' Squadron, 53rd Reconnaissance Regt., 53rd Div., moving through Winterswijk, March 31, 1945.

Divisions, brigades, regiment after regiment; there appeared no end to this sweeping tide of Canadian arms. And under the ensign of Canada in the First Canadian Army fought American, Belgian, British, Czechoslovak, Polish and Dutch troops (the Royal Netherlands Brigade, trained in Stratford, Ontario).

COURTESY G. KIBBINK, MUSEUM SOCIETY, WINTERSWIJK

Roadside crosses

It had taken five years, but here they were with smiling, friendly faces, with their abundance of wonderful canned foods, their tins of 50 Players Navy Cut cigarettes, their chocolate and soap, miracle Coleman stoves and other gadgetry never seen before. But they had no fresh eggs!

As units came and went on bivouacked for overnight or slightly longer stays in the area, I learned my first few words in English.

Ever since February my sister and I had been taken in by a most hospitable and caring farming family, the Simmelinks, who lived just on the edge of town. Now I had chores to perform.

Early each day I was given a basket with fresh eggs by Mrs. Simmelink. At breakfast time I now walked the long lines of tent camps and neatly organized truck and tank harbors set up in area pastures and wherever else there was room, loudly announcing "One egg for ten cigarettes.... One egg for ten cigarettes." It was the only English I knew, but it was enough.

Business was so brisk that several basket refills were often necessary to service the demand. Cigarettes, rather than money, underpinned the success of this very first Free Trade Agreement and remained for some time a primary means of exchange for all manner of transactions. My commissions, using a series of tandem trades, resulted in a Swiss watch, a bicycle in rather good shape, and a fairly new shortwave radio set.

Now there was time to examine closely the Allied tanks shot in the brief but furious battle on March 30th during the approach to the town. In a small wooded area called the "Woold," we would stand quietly by the above-ground temporary roadside graves of the crews, their boots protruding through the thin cover of loose dirt, with name tags and helmets stuck on makeshift, odd-angled stakes: 14620251, Cp1. Beecroft, G.; 14620328, Pte. Lobley, G... names from far away, loved ones not yet knowing their heroic fate.

A solemn scene

Nine Allied soldiers gave their lives in the approach to the town; 40 Allied aircrews lay already buried. We remember; and will not forget.

On the opposite side of the road were the bodies of the enemy, also barely covered by loosely scattered soil; some 16 of them, with names like Schroeder, Runschel... the papers of seven of them showing them to be well under the age of 18; their now silent *Panzerfausts* (bazooka's) lay in the ditch, their dreaded 88 mm SPs (self-propelled guns on tracked wheels) abandoned. Altogether, 33 enemy soldiers lost their

Continued on page 14...

Liberation

The liberation remembered

...continued from page 13

lives as they retreated from the area, and everywhere randomly scattered military hardware and ammunition lay about. We remember; and cannot forget.

Such is the piecemeal scene of war; a pin prick; the individual cannot see the broad panoramic overview.

The end of April arrived and suddenly my parents were there! They had made the hazardous trip from the Hague to Winterswijk on bicycles without tires, through the still-fluid battle lines. The west of Holland was still not free, but they had found us; it was time to go home.

On April 29 the first airdrop of food landed in a large central park in the Hague. On May 2, Canadian and British truck food convoys were organized in the east and started rolling west to the big cities through the narrow gap in no-mand's land.

Roadside depots were set up to deliver 2,500 tons of foodstuff daily to the starving region; 100,000 people were found to be suffering from starvation edema (dropsy).

On Friday, May 4, 1945, Lt.Gen. C. Foulkes, commanding the 1st Canadian Corps, accepted the unconditional surrender from Col.Gen. Johannus Blaskowitz at Wageningen, effective the next day.

On May 7, the first Canadian advance units entered the Hague, followed on May 9 by major elements of 1st Corps and sometime thereafter, by the food trucks.

We were on top of one of the trucks, seated on boxes of milk powder; in the opposite direction thousands of disarmed German troops trudge unescorted eastward — no battle here; their unjust cause hopelessly lost.

We were home in the Hague again as a family. The nearby V-2 launching site stood in eerie silence; the West Wall bunkers and pillboxes facing the North Sea, just a short way around the corner from our street at the coast, were empty.

On May 21, 1945, I witnessed a second liberation, but this time it is not by one lonely soldier. It was the official Victory Parade in the Hague. It seemed as if all of Canada was on this side of the ocean and on the march, so long were the lines of smartly in-step units, their cadence aided by countless bands. It was raining slightly but that didn't appear to bother anyone. Thousands lined the route, cheering the heroic liberators. There were parties, there was dancing until late into the night: we remember, and shall not forget.

There were other victory parades throughout the land in days following: Gen. Crerar and Lt.Gen. Foulkes took the salute in Amsterdam, the 1st Canadian Division paraded in Apeldoorn, the 5th Canadian Armoured Division deployed its 2,000 tanks and vehicles in Groningen, the 3rd Canadian Infantry Division, veterans of 176 battles, paraded through the streets of Utrecht, as did the British 49th Division, and the 1st Canadian Infantry Division held its final divisional Review in Rotterdam. We remember....

Through friendships, marriages, immigration to Canada, the everlasting gratitude has deepened; the bonds of affection between Canada and the Dutch have been enriched and rendered enduring. In the proud history of Canadian arms, it is perhaps the liberation of the Netherlands that is the most meaningful and inspiring.

In the pastoral wooded setting at the northeast corner of old Highway 6 to Guelph, Ont., and 401 westbound, lies Puslinch Cemetery. It is as old as our country itself. Weathered markers attest to pioneering origins. Just past a line of towering pines is the joint gravestone of my dad and mom; the message it carries indicative of more recent post-war immigration pioneering.

There is an inscription engraved on its gently curving top, taken from the Bible, an Old Testament divine promise: *To your descendants I will give this land.*

That promise continues being fulfilled; the seemingly endless rows of immaculately white Canadian and Allied crosses in Europe made it possible.

This we remember and celebrate in gratefulness in 1995, so as not to forget.

Ralph L. De Groot is a superintendent (ret.) for the RCMP. He lives in Peterborough, Ont.

COURTESY CANADIAN ARMY FILM & PHOTO UNIT

Food convoy from the Canadian area in the east enroute to western Holland.

COURTESY CAREL BLAZER

".... their unjust cause hopelessly lost."

COURTESY CITY ARCHIVES, THE HAGUE

Victory Parade, 1st Corps, Canadian Army, Laan van Meerdervoort, The Hague, May 21, 1945.

Freedom from fear

Berta Hosmar

A railroad leading to Germany wound its way right through the centre of our town and was often the target of the Allies. On several occasions stray bombs killed civilians. Ruins of homes and stores lined the streets and many families who lived close to the railroad were evacuated.

With the resilience of youth we children took the inconvenience of war in our stride. We had gotten used to eating by candlelight since there was no electricity for most of the day; we ate greenish, foul-smelling bread; we pretty well lived in the big farm kitchen since the rest of the house was ice-cold in winter; we accepted the fact that the stores were virtually empty and that there was an 8 p.m. curfew.

'Be careful what you say, little tongue'

We knew we always had to be careful about what we said when we met the Nazi soldiers who seemed to be everywhere and that we could never call them "Rotmof," a derogatory term we relished, to their faces. We knew they could pick up dads or brothers and send them to Germany or to a camp almost anywhere. If that happened we might never see them again.

But the German occupation also had what we thought were advantages for us children. The enemy had confiscated the local Christian school and scores of Nazi soldiers had made it their home. The result was that we had no school for several months, although some dedicated teachers who for some reason or another did not have to go into hiding, tried homeschooling for a number of students.

Fear in the night

But it was at night that fear began gnawing at the pit of our stomach. If it was raining or snowing or foggy, we breathed a sigh of relief, for we knew visibility would be poor and most likely no bombs would disturb our sleep that night.

But if it was a clear night our house, windows totally darkened by wooden blinds, as was every window in our country, wasn't a safe place anymore, where we could snuggle under the blankets knowing God was in his heaven and all was well with the world. We would wake up after a few hours of sleep by the droning of airplanes, on their way to Germany to drop their deadly cargo. Or we'd be startled by the artillery fire of the enemy, the rattling of windows, the fearful whistling of bombs being dropped nearby, the sound of explosions and the wailing of sirens.

We'd plug our fingers in our ears and dive deep under the blankets to block out the fearful world around us; and we'd pray.

I remember that I would sing softly, over and over, two lines of a song we had learned in school:

De Heer, de God der legerscharen,/Is met ons, hoed ons in gevaren. (The Lord of Hosts is with us and keeps us from danger).

When the Israelites were fighting in the desert, during one particular battle they were winning as long as Moses had his arms raised in prayer. Maybe God would spare our lives as long as I kept singing these two lines, I reasoned. But towards the end of March, on a beautiful sunny day, our world came literally crashing down around us.

That day the skies seemed to be filled with planes, and it became clear that the railroad and also our school were targets.

When the droning became louder and we suddenly saw planes diving we ran for shelter and during the next 10 minutes all hell broke loose.

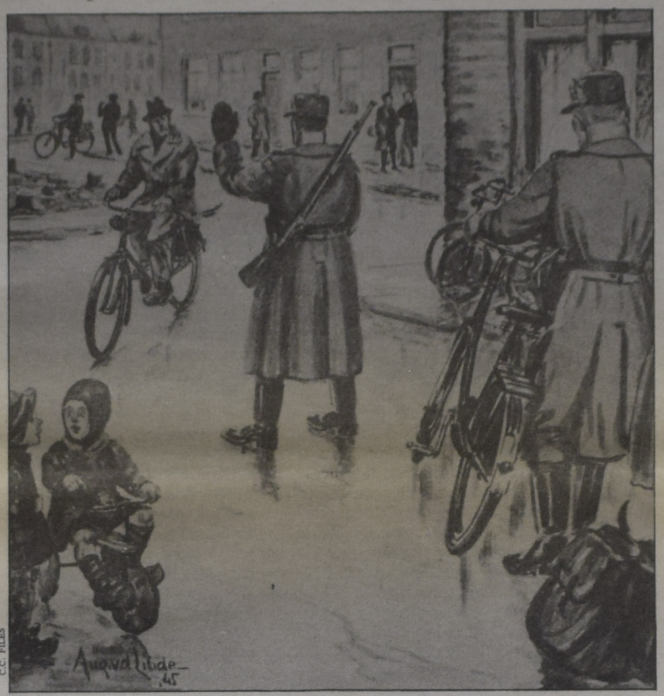
We were on the floor, crying and praying, while the house shook, windows broke and chunks of plaster rained on top of us.

When it was all over it became eerily quiet for a few moments; we realized our family had been spared. But when we ran outside the whole town seemed to be on fire. Dazed people ran towards the woods at the edge of town, sirens were wailing and a woman we knew well screamed that three of her children had been killed.

The makings of chronic fear

Makeshift stretchers with moaning victims were carried away, priests and ministers mixed with the crowds, trying to bring comfort. Later we heard that more than a hundred people, including our hired help and several school friends, had been killed.

That's when our fears became chronic. We kept following our parents like frightened little animals; we wouldn't let them out of our sight. There was no way we were going to go back to our house; it was too close to the railroad. We didn't have to, for some 50 Nazi soldiers moved into our farmhouse, which was situated close to the town centre.



C.C. FILES

In this 1945 illustration by a Dutch artist, German soldiers are depicted seizing bicycles from the Dutch.

My dad biked to a town some 10 kilometres away. Two of my mother's cousins lived there and they were willing to take nine extra people. The war could not last much longer anyway. But how would a set of parents with seven children, ranging in age from one to 15 get there? There were no more buses running, the Nazis had taken all but two of our bikes, and we needed clothes. Furthermore, our oldest brother had suffered a severe concussion and the doctor had prescribed six weeks of absolute bed rest.

Our parents decided to take the horse and carriage, although that was dangerous, for the British Spitfires controlled all major highways in the Netherlands and would swoop from the sky to shoot at anything that moved. Dutch citizens had been warned to stay off all major highways. But we could take country roads. And besides, what choice did we have?

I clearly remember the seemingly endless ride and the accompanying, nauseating fear. My brother rested on a mattress and the older children took turns waving a white sheet, which was attached to a broomstick. We hoped the planes overhead would see our makeshift flag of surrender and realize we were citizens, not to be shot at. I remember humming the two lines of "my" song over and over again until my siblings told me irritably that I drove them crazy.

But that was my way of coping with my paralyzing fear, for the road was littered with burned-out hulks of German trucks and we realized this road wasn't safe at all.

Appetites return

The relief we felt when we arrived safely was indescribable. All of a sudden I discovered I was hungry. And I *could* eat again. My stomach did not act up anymore. We felt safe here in this ancient farmhouse, far from the dangerous railroad. The only one who hated it here was our brother. With so many extra guests we who were healthy had to sleep in the barn. But my 13-year-old recuperating brother had to share a bedroom 24 hours a day with a sick, elderly woman, in spite of his violent protests hissed through clenched teeth when his roommate was dozing.

Then the day came that Canadian tanks rolled into town and we were free! Suddenly we were released from fear. Mercifully, we had not suffered the heartbreaks of adults during this five-year ordeal. Our world was so much smaller. We did not look beyond our immediate environment. But we knew we did not have to fear bombings anymore. I need have no more fears that the Nazis would kill my dad! No more being inside at 8 p.m. Maybe we would even get other food, like oranges and chocolate bars! We were *free*!

I thought my heart would burst for joy. I remember hugging everybody around me, until it became contagious and everybody started hugging everybody (and that in a time when hugging was reserved only for your parents).

I remember thinking: "Now I don't have to sing "my song" ever again during the night. And I remember thanking God from the bottom of my jubilant heart.

Berta Hosmar lives in Whitby, Ont.

Liberation

The quiet hero

Wiepke Wesselius

In the summer of 1945, the honorable Hendrik Algra, senator of the Dutch Parliament and chief editor of *Friesch Dagblad* wrote an editorial called "The Quiet Heros." I have never forgotten it. It is knotted together with the memories I have of my mother.

PHOTOS COURTESY WIEPKE WESSELIUS

The author's parents: Jan and Feikje Wesselius

In this editorial, Mr. Algra wrote about the women (wives, mothers, sisters, girlfriends) who were left behind when their husbands, sons, brothers and friends did resistance work, were hiding, in prison, taken hostage, or in Germany in factories or concentration camps. Once the door shut behind them, the time of waiting started. There could be little or no communication during that time. Only prayer.

I remember by mother . She could not sleep when the RAF planes flew over for their nightly raids on Germany; she was scared when the Americans did the same during the day. She shook, seated in our kitchen, as the Nazi fighter planes got involved. Planes came down in flames. Bombs exploded. Mother's life hadn't been easy. At about 11 years old, in the 1890s, she worked full-time for a dairy farmer. She had to be up at 4 a.m. to milk cows and help with the housework. After 7 p.m. she mended socks till one's eyes could not bear it anymore.

My parents were married in 1912. They started a small dairy farm but 1912 was a record dry year. Their precious few cows suffered from hoof and mouth disease. No milk, no income.

In August 1914, as a young mother of two children and expecting a third, her husband was called to do his duty in the Dutch Army for years to come. Mother and Father eventually had 13 children, one of whom, a little girl of 5, was lost by drowning. They struggled to make ends meet in the 1930s. Mother encouraged Father not to give up on their small enterprise.

Later in life he said many times: "It was your mother, with her faith, who kept me going."

In 1939 Mother saw her oldest son off to defend the country. On May 12 of that year, Pentecost Sunday, we witnessed the fury of war in our own village, Wons or Wûns in the province of Friesland. But none of us got hurt. My brother Lieuwe came home in June.

1940-1945: We had enough to eat, though there were shortages of everything else. But that was not the worst. By the end of the war seven of Mother's eight sons were somewhere in hiding; six of the seven had been caught in roundups. Five managed to escape once they were out of the prison and on their way to Germany or somewhere in the Netherlands to be forced to work on the Nazi defence works.

I was sent home because the commanding officer was not informed yet of this latest order. As a 17-year-old farmhand in the summer of 1944 I was still free of forced labor. In the fall and winter (1944-1945) it was a different story.

Who knows how many prayers were said by our mother, day and night? For her sons, but also for her daughters, who made trips to various addresses to bring and pick up laundry and to distribute underground newspapers.

During the war, tuberculosis was on the upswing. In 1943 our sister Pleuntje worked for a dairy farmer where several on that farm got the disease. Pleuntje came home with "pleuris." Our whole family had to go to Sneek for x-rays. Two other sisters were diagnosed with TB. After three months in outside isolation tents, the two went for a check-up. Lo and behold, they were healthy. Three months earlier the x-ray department had made a mistake and x-rays had been mixed up.

The x-rays actually were those of two other people (who consequently didn't get treatment during that period). Our sisters gained weight with drinking lots of milk and lying in bed in the outdoors.

April 16, 1945. Liberation day for us. What should have been a day of joy turned out to be a day of deep sorrow.

I was about five miles from my parents' place. At 9:30 in the morning the firing of the heavy artillery started. A voice inside me said, "This is for Wons." In the evening we saw the first Canadians, but also heard the first rumor about the battle of Wons: a brother of mine was dead, or maybe just wounded. I had a brother who was hiding at a neighbor's farm. We decided to try to go home the next day to find out for ourselves. We travelled many extra miles, staying behind the front lines. Wons was still in the front line, but free.

What a homecoming. The reality was worse than the rumors. Two grenades had exploded in a part of the building, what we in North America would call the hay barn. Father, Mother, the eldest brother, Lieuwe, 33, sisters Pleuntje, 26 (who was almost cured from her disease) and Klaaske, 25, happened to be in there.

The explosion threw all five of them to the floor. When Father and Mother, who were only slightly wounded, got to their feet, they found three of their beloved children lying there. Klaaske had died instantly from a head wound. Lieuwe lay with open skull; Pleuntje with a ripped chest.

It was several hours later, when the cannon fire quit before the first medical aid could arrive. Canadian Red Cross soldiers and their doctor put Lieuwe and Pleuntje into their jeep ambulance, headed to an unknown destination. The hospitals close by were full of wounded Nazis. After two weeks we learned, Pleuntje had died the next day in a Canadian field hospital in Ootmarsum, in the province of Overijssel, close to the German border. Six weeks later, the tidings came that Lieuwe had died on May 9 in St. Boniface Hospital in Nijmegen, in the province of Gelderland. There were no communications, transportation was non-existent. The country was in chaos. My two wounded siblings had not been able to speak to their caregivers. With the funeral of Klaaske the flags were out. Our family grieved; but we were liberated.

August 15: The bodies of Lieuwe and Pleuntje were brought home and buried beside their sister Klaaske. Again, the flags came out. It was also the day of Japan's surrender.

I was 17 years old and I was angry. "Why us, O God, why?" I wanted to know. "Dominee" (Rev.) Van Loo paid many pastoral visits to my parents. Once he quoted from the book of Job to my parents: "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; the name of the Lord be praised." "Yes," my Father answered, "Yes, but that last part is so hard, I cannot say it yet."

My mother did not say much, but she had a great and strong faith. As time went by, healing their wounds, they were both able to say Job's words. Their faith and love had a great impact on my life. Mother's prayers during those many sleepless nights, and after the war, have been heard by our Heavenly Father.

The gravestone of the author's three sisters, who died on the day of their town's liberation.

I thank him for my parents. I thank God for a mother like her; she had very little education, was short in stature, but had so much wisdom, faith and love. She was the controlling force behind her large family. My parents' example and teaching were, much later, a help to my wife and I in our own trials in the past, and will continue to be, the Lord willing, in the future.

On the gravestone of my brother and two sisters is engraved a reference to I Corinthians 15:53-58.

On their death notices was printed Psalm 145:6 (from the Dutch psalter). What faith; and what comfort !

When Wiepke Wesselius first came to Canada he worked for a farmer. Later he delivered milk for a Bowmanville, Ont., dairy and was a sales distributor for Hollandia Bakeries. He is now retired and lives in Bowmanville.

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Liberation

The liberation of Assen

Tena Spek

Most people think Friday the 13th is an unlucky day. But not for us who were living in Assen on Friday, April 13, 1945. That day our prayers were answered and freedom came.

I was 15 years old then and will never forget that day. After five years of pressure from the Nazis, freedom had finally come.

My father was fortunate to still be with us. His features make him look Jewish. But he always could get a new pass when needed, and avoid being sent to Germany — thanks to his boss, a notary in Assen.

During the war we held prayer services attended by many people. We had to keep up our faith, believing that the end would come very soon.

Days before that Friday, we could hear that the Allied shelling was advancing closer and closer. The closer they came, the louder were the noises, SSS HHH eee — Boom! We could hear bombs whistling and we knew it would not be too long before the Allies got to our town.

Early that Friday morning people were standing in little groups outside, talking and listening. Far away we heard the sounds of tanks from the Canadian army. Then we heard people shouting in the distance. They had already been liberated.

When the Canadians came around the corner of our street, another kind of shouting started. At the end of our street a compnay of Nazi soldiers were hiding in fox holes waiting to attack; they were not planning to give up yet.

The townspeople ran to their houses. We, too, dove into our cellar. My father, mother and us eight children, aged three to 15. The cellar was about 5 feet by 6 feet. We had already stored some food and drinking water.

The tanks were coming closer and closer, and every time a machine gun went off it sounded like whole houses were tumbling down. We all thought that that moment, for sure, would be the end of our lives.

Closer and closer they came, and all of a sudden my youngest brother yelled, "I smell real gasoline" — something we hadn't smelled in five years. In the next moment the doorbell was ringing.

C.C. FILES

Members of the First Canadian Army make their way through crowds of cheering Dutch citizens during the liberation of the Nazi-occupied Netherlands.

We all stared at each other — who in the world would ring a doorbell at a time like this? We didn't dare to move, but my father said somebody might need help, so he jumped up and went to the door. My mother was very upset, urging him "Please, don't go!" But my father insisted. He opened the front door. A Canadian soldier was standing there, black from all the gunsmoke. We heard him say, "I am so very thirsty, have you something to drink?" By then, we had all jumped up to see what was going on. We looked bewildered and stared at this real Canadian soldier. For us, children, he was a wonder.

My mother told me to get the soldier some good milk, which we had gotten from the farm. But in my excitement I took the wrong pan — powdered milk — and gave it to him. The soldier was so thirsty that in front of us all he drank about two litres in one big gulp. Then, he calmly told us that the fighting would be almost over in our area. After this, he handed us a bar of chocolate in thanks for the milk. What a treat! We had not seen chocolate in a very long time. It tasted like gold on our tongues.

The whole affair, that for us seemed like hours, had only lasted little more than an hour, and all the terrible noises we heard were only the sound of broken windows from the houses in the street. One of our neighbors paid with his life for being too nosy; he had looked out of his upstairs windows and was killed by a sniper.

The very first thing we did was to go to the attic and find our Dutch flag and hang it up. After five years it flew in all its glory. In the meantime, the Underground was already picking up the traitors, the NSB. That day we did not think of working or even eating. We were overjoyed. What a great feeling, freedom. We could voice what we wanted to say.

People came out of hiding places. Jewish people emerged from just across the street and we had never known they were there. Everybody went to the centre of town where all the Canadian tanks were rolling in. We sang our old Dutch anthem, *Wilhelmus*, over and over again.

We were all still poor. There was no hydro, we had gas to cook on for only one hour a day. We were still on food ration coupons. But the Lord had spared us. Not one of our family members was killed in the war: thanks to God, who answered our prayers. We never can express enough thanks to all those Canadian and American soldiers who gave their lives for our freedom.

Tena Spek lives in Fonthill, Ont.

Rates to June 30, 1995

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Advice

Bridging the difference between churches

Dear P & M:

I am a 29-year-old business professional involved in a loving, but trying relationship with a Catholic woman. Both of us would clearly love to get married, but the differences in our churches have put us in some very rough waters. I think we should build on the common ground of our faiths, keeping God and Christ at the centre and finding a church family in which both of us can grow. I'm open to the Lutheran or Pentecostal Church, etc., but can't see myself or a future family in the Catholic Church.

She, however, wants us to stay in our own churches. She feels that we could raise our children in both denominations until they're old enough to decide where they want to go. I see many problems ahead if we take this route. Her decision seems to be based on tradition. Her personal faith displays a lack of knowledge. Unfortunately, as I try to teach her more about my faith, I sense that I'm perceived as trying to convert her to Protestantism which will shut the door on everything.

What can we expect to face if we decide to go her route? What's in store if we go mine? Is there a way that we can bridge the difference?

Dear Perplexed:

Let's begin by momentarily setting aside "your church versus my church." Ask yourself: Do we have a personal relationship with Christ in common? Are we able to pray together and approach things from a common faith?

If you are, you may find a solution. You should then be able to agree on criteria that a church will need to meet to satisfy your different theological and liturgical traditions. The Anglican Church, for example, may be a suitable blend of Protestant theology and Catholic liturgy. Check out other Christian Reformed congregations, as well as other denominations, before making a final decision.

Try to discuss and agree on *the* faith rather than the peculiarities of *your* (or her) tradition. It's understandable that she would be defensive if you are better grounded in your faith and the Reformed tradition than she is in her faith and Catholic tradition, or if you insist that the way you interpret matters is always right. (How would you feel in her place?) Don't be closed to her point of view. While there *are* some major, potentially contentious areas, be sure you know what you're criticizing. And ask yourself how important those things really are. They may be insurmountable; but they may not be. You'll both grow from such talks.

If after much discussion and prayer you conclude that your friend has no living faith (be very careful about that judgment), you'll have to admit that you are "unequally yoked," by Paul's definition (2 Cor. 6:14). To marry under such circumstances will set you up for a lifetime of frustration: you will remain two instead of "becoming one."

We feel badly for both of you; we know of similar stories. Those who come to share a common faith and decide to go to the same church seem to do better than those who try to work things out separately. Separately, there's a greater tendency for one or both to gradually quit attending church. Or one person keeps going but feels spiritually lonely.

And what about children? Where will they be baptized? go to church? to school? They'll eventually realize their parents differ on a fundamental matter; this often doesn't make for good parent-child relationships.

When you talk together be kind but hold nothing back. There's a risk you'll discover you weren't meant to be together; if so, you'll know now rather than after you're married.

Give yourselves enough time to truly examine these issues. Start worshiping together and check out various churches (including hers). When you find yourself drawn to a particular one, join a class that will help you grow spiritually.

Make it a practise right now to do devotions together in a way you're both comfortable with. Pray for a solution to the problem that is already putting a wedge between you. Agree together that this relationship is not meant to be if that wedge is not gone within a year.

Share this letter with her, letting her honestly know how troubled you are. Then read Ruth 1:16-17 together and see if you can agree that Ruth's commitment to her mother-in-law exemplifies the kind of "equal yoking" that is the basis for spiritual unity and marital success .

Peter and Marja Slofstra are a pastor and wife team living in St. Catharines, Ont. They are assisted by an advisory panel consisting of Herman de Jong, Bill Lidkea, Tom Zeyl, Marian Van Til and Bert Witvoet.

1945 *Welcome Again Veterans* 1995

Mr. G.J. van 't Holt, Chairman of the Foundation WELCOME AGAIN VETERANS, extends to you, our liberators, and their immediate family, a most sincere and heartfelt welcome to Holland. On behalf of all the local committees of the province of Overijssel, we wish you an exceptionally special trip as we and the thousands of you who are staying with our host families celebrate this Jubilee event. The 50th Anniversary Celebration of Holland Liberation will be the most memorable ever. We will never forget the great sacrifices you made in order to secure our freedom. We will never take for granted what you have done and we will never forget those who gave their lives. In our appreciation we have opened our homes to you and we look forward to celebrating and remembering together this grand commemoration.

1945-1995

under the patronship of the Queen's Commissioner in the Province of Overijssel Dr. J.A.M. Hendrikx

Baldwin and Lucy Verstraete, on behalf of Verstraete Travel, thank all those who have co-operated so magnificently in order to make this monumental event possible. We have co-ordinated the travel and tours for thousands of liberators and their families as they travel from across Canada to Holland for this Jubilee event. It is a privilege of the most high order to participate in this, and we also want to personally thank all the liberators and their families for what they have done for us, our families, and our country of birth, Holland. A special thanks to the Verstraete Travel staff who have gone beyond the call of duty in handling these arrangements. Also, we are sincerely grateful to all at OAD REIZEN (Holten, Holland) and KLM and Martinair: their fine support and co-operation means everything to us.

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(Revised February 1, 1995)

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Note: All rates shown above are GST inclusive

ATTENTION!

a) *Christian Courier* reserves the right to print classifieds using our usual format.,

b) A sheet with information about an obituary sent by funeral homes is *not* acceptable since it leads to errors and confusion.

c) Photographs sent by fax *are not* acceptable. If you wish a photo included, send us the original.

d) *Christian Courier* will not be responsible for any errors due to handwritten or phoned-in advertisements.

e) The rate shown above for classifieds covers any length up to five column inches. *Christian Courier* reserves the right to charge for additional column inches at the rate of $15.00 per column inch (GST incl.).

NEWLYWEDS & NEW PARENTS

We offer a one-year subscription for only $25.00 (GST incl.) to the couples whose wedding is announced in the *Christian Courier* and to the parents of the child whose birth announcement appears in our paper. To facilitate matters, we encourage those who request the wedding or birth announcement to enclose $25.00 and the couple's correct address.

Christian Courier
4-261 Martindale Rd.
St. Catharines, ON L2W 1A1
Phone: (905) 682-8311
Fax: (905) 682-8313

Marriages

SUGIYAMA/DOERKSEN:

JUNKO SUGIYAMA
and
ALAN DOERKSEN

of St. Catharines, Ont., are pleased to announce their forthcoming wedding, to be held at Walmer Road Baptist Church in Toronto, Ont., on May 20, 1995 at 1 p.m.

Future address: 261 1/2 Welland Avenue, Apt. 2, St. Catharines, ON L2R 2P7

Births

BOER:

With thanks to our heavenly Father, Warner and Betsy Boer, announce the births of two more grandchildren.

KYRSTEN HUNTER

was born in Mississauga, Ont., on March 8, 1995. She is the daughter of Jonathan and Angela Boer (nee Mulcaster) and a sister to Alexander.

REBECCA FAITH

daughter of Harry and Faith Boer (nee VanderMeulen), and sister to Carleen and Taylor, was born on March 24, 1995, in Hamilton, Ont.

Proverbs 17:6.

Address: 26 Elm Street, Simcoe, ON N3Y 3B3

KEESMAAT/WALSH:

Sylvia Keesmaat and Brian Walsh thank God for entrusting to their care a baby daughter,

MADELEINE IRENE
KEESMAAT WALSH

a sister for Jubal. Madeleine was born at home on Easter Monday, April 17, 1995, weighing 7 lbs., 8 oz. Thanks also to midwife Bridget Lynch and Diane Engelstad, Jennifer Harris and Wendy Greyling, who assisted at the birth.

Home address: 68 Bude Street, Toronto, ON M6C 1X8

Anniversaries

Bowmanville, Ont. Beamsville, Ont.
1955 1995

Wedding text: "Blessed are those whose strength is in you" (Ps.84:5a).

With joy in our hearts, we hope to celebrate, D.V., 40 years of the Lord's love and guidance in the lives of our dear parents and grandparents

PETER and TINA FEDDEMA
(nee BUMA)

We are grateful Mom and Dad (Opa and Oma) for your love and commitment to each other. Your living example has enriched our lives because of your walk with the Lord.

Sid & Patty Feddema
Matthew, Erica, Morgan
Liz & Stuart Van Staalduinen
Matthew, Rachel, Stuart, Tyler
Harold & Donna Feddema
Leah, Chelsea, Elise, Travis
Sandra Schouten
Derek, Katrina
Peter & Rhonda Feddema
Amanda, Sarah, Peter, Alexander
Evelyn & Len Riebot
Stephanie, Jenny, Stacey, Leanne, Bradley

Friends are welcome to congratulate them on Sunday, May 28, 1995, at a coffee social after the 9:30 a.m. church service at Mountainview Chr. Ref. Church (corner of Bartlett and Hwy. 8), Grimsby, Ont.

Home address: 421 Rich Road East, R.R. 2, Beamsville, ON L0R 1B0

Anniversaries

Congratulations to Pieter Jacobus Cruson and Magdalena Johanna Cruson (nee Cijsouw) on the occasion of their 65th wedding anniversary!

Anniversaries

1955 1995

WILLEM and TRUUS HOFLAND

Forty years ago on the fourteenth
of May,
Mom and Dad had their wedding
on that day,
Truusje and Wim, oh, how
they did love,
And God sent them blessings
from above.
They delighted in carnations galore;
The greenhouses were filled with
fragrance forevermore.
They were blessed with children
numbering four,
Who all married and doubled
the score.
Seventeen grandchildren now live
all over the land,
And they think Oma and Opa
are just grand.
A church community in Beamsville
so dear
Has encouraged Mom and Dad
for many a year.
Through love and laughter, joys
and sorrows,
May God be the centre of
all your tomorrows.

Best wishes and love, Mom and Dad, from your children and grandchildren.

Congratulations to Willem and Truus Hofland on the occasion of their 40th wedding anniversary!

Congratulations to Peter and Tina Feddema (nee Buma) on the occasion of their 40th anniversary!

Anniversaries

the Netherlands Canada
1930 1995

Congratulations to

PIETER JACOBUS CRUSON
and
MAGDALENA JOHANNA CRUSON
(nee CIJSOUW)

on their 65th wedding anniversary on April 24, 1995.

From their children,

Marie & Frits de Leeuw — Regina, Sask.
Ella & Max Vanden Brink — Rocky Mountain House, Alta.
Izaak & Irene Cruson — Regina, Sask.

grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

A reception was held on April 22, 1995, in Regina, Sask.

Address: Gen. Del. ZEHNER, SK S0G 5K0

Bozum Rockwood
1950 May 10 1995

It is with joy and gratitude, that we announce the 45th wedding anniversary of our parents and grandparents

JACOB and DOROTHY KUIKEN
(nee LOOYENGA)

We thank God for His care and blessings to you throughout the years and pray that He will continue to bless you.

With love from your children and grandchildren,

Dorothy & Tex Maas — Rexdale, Ont.
Jason, Danielle, Trevor, Melanie
Charlie & Hetty Kuiken — Guelph, Ont.
Nicole, Jacob, Jessica
Sue & Rob VanderLaan — Rockwood, Ont.
Kristen, Carly, Luke
Helen Kuiken — Guelph, Ont.

Home address: 131 MacLennan St., Rockwood, ON N0B 2K0

1945 1995

With great joy and thankfulness to God, we wish to celebrate, the Lord willing, the 50th wedding anniversary of our parents

DIRK and JANKE
VAN DYKEN

Congratulations and love from your children and grandchildren.

Albert & Didi Van Dyken — Exeter Ont.
Derek, Paul
Peter & Alice Van Dyken — Listowel, Ont.
Patricia, Kevin, Julie, Kenneth

Home address: 245 Dominion St., Strathroy, ON N7G 3G9

Personal

Widowed lady, 70 years old, would like **pen pal**, male, 65-75 years old. Write to **File# 2628, c/o Christian Courier, 4-261 Martindale Road, St. Catharines, ON L2W 1A1.**

Classifieds

Anniversaries

Schettens Telkwa
the Neth. B.C.
1950 May 31 1995

"The Lord God took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to work it and take care of it" (Gen.2:15).

The Lord is good to us and we give thanks and praise for all our blessings as we celebrate the 45th anniversary of our parents and grandparents

JOHN and RIEMKE HIEMSTRA
(nee HUISMAN)

Thank you Dad and Mom (Pake and Beppe) for all the love, the prayers and the guidance you gave us and continue to give us. We love you.

George & Annette Dehaan — Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.
Michael, Christine, Carolyn, Richard, Jenilee
Thys & Ida Jaarsma — Telkwa, B.C.
Alvin, Rebecca, Nelina, Ivy, Chloe, Willard
John & Sylvia Mensonides — Tacoma, Wash.
Timothy, David, Daniel, Lisa
John & Johanna Bain — Cranbrook, B.C.
Tammy, John, Michael
Jim & Thelma Amsing — Bragg Creek, Alta.
Robert, David, Cheryl, Eli, John, Kimberly, Kerri Lynn
Steve & Jennifer Gehl — Kamloops, B.C.
Chad, Lindsay
Ed & AnnRita Aasen — Cranbrook, B.C.
Kristopher, Victoria
Ken & Geraldine Bouwman — Calgary, Alta.
Elora

A family reunion is planned for August 1995, D.V., in order to celebrate this wonderful occasion together.

On May 13, 1955, our parents,

JOHN and JENNIE DONKER
(BERGMAN)

were united in marriage.

Now, 40 years later, we continue to celebrate the occasion. We thank the Lord for Dad and Mom, Opa and Oma; for the love, care and guidance they have given to us all. We pray for God's continued presence in their lives.

With love,

Gerrie & Helen Donker — Dundas, Ont.
Jennie, Gina, Bethany
Christine & Albert Renkema — Embro, Ont.
Karen, Angela, Nathan, Calvin, Leanne
Shirley & Ralph Renkema — Woodstock, Ont.
Brian, Craig, Timothy, Natalie, Matthew
Carolyn Donker & Dean — Woodstock, Ont.
Sharon Donker & Shawn — Woodstock, Ont.
Ryan

"Dear friends, let us love one another, for love comes from God" (1 John 4:7).

Address: 817 Dufferin St., Woodstock, ON N4S 1Y8

Anniversaries

Congratulations to John and Riemke Hiemstra (nee Huisman) on the occasion of their 45th anniversary on May 31, 1995!

Winnipeg St. Anna Parochie
1995 May 16 1935

We thank and praise God that we can celebrate the 60th wedding anniversary of our parents, grandparents and great-grandparents

CORNELIS and TRIJNTJE VANDERPLOEG
(nee DEVRIES)

May God continue to bless and keep you both.

Love and congratulations Dad and Mom, Pake and Oma.

Albert & Wilma VanderPloeg — Winnipeg, Man.
Ken & Christine (and 4 children), Carolyn & Jake (and 8 children), Adrian & Susan (and 2 children), Kathleen & Ben (and 2 children), Calvin & Adeline (and 2 children), Mary Jean, Dianne, Andrea
Pearl & Nick Hogeveen — Winnipeg, Man.
Kathy & Marcel (and 2 children), William & Angie, Dan & Kim (and 1 child), Janine
Dorothy & Gerben Bosma — Winnipeg, Man.
Kathleen & Martin (and 5 children), Peter, Mark

A reception will be held in the Calvin Chr. School gymnasium after the 9 a.m. Sunday worship service on May 21, 1995.

Home address: 242 Gilmore Ave., Winnipeg, MB R2G 0Z2

Anniversaries

Lollum, Fr. Stoney Creek, Ont.
1945 May 9 1995

On May 9, 1995, the Lord willing, we hope to celebrate the 50th wedding anniversary of our parents and grandparents

ART (AGE) WAGENAAR
and
GERTIE (GEERTJE) WAGENAAR
(VANDERSLUIS)

It is our prayer that the Lord will continue to bless and keep them in His care. With love from their children and grandchildren.

Joe & Dian Wagenaar
Shane, Teresa, Rachel, Justin, Sara
Ron & Jenny Wagenaar
James, David, Daniel, Monica
Ann & Keith Wielink
Fred & Kathy Wagenaar
Mark, Jesse, Benjamin, Joshua

Open house from 2:30-4:30 p.m., on Saturday, May 13, 1995, in the John Knox Chr. School, 795 Hwy. 8, Fruitland, Ont.

Address: 52 Wardrope Ave., Stoney Creek, ON L8G 1S3

Obituaries

On Easter Sunday, April 16, 1995, the Lord called home to Himself His child

HERMAN H. BRINK

shortly after his 86th birthday. We mourn his passing, but rejoice in his confession: "The Lord is my Light and my salvation."

Herman was predeceased by his wife Aaltje VanderHeide in 1982.

Children:
Doreen & Martin VandenBos — Thunder Bay
Hilda Brink — St. Catharines
Alice VanderWees — Thunder Bay
Henny Ypma — Thunder Bay
Anton & Marian Brink — London
Jane & Ray Postuma — Winnipeg
Henry & Kathy Brink — Burlington
Giekka & Ton Rysmus — the Netherlands
Bud & Irene Brink — Edmonton
John & Linda Brink — Thunder Bay

32 grandchildren and 10 great-grandchildren.

Correspondence address: Martin and Doreen VandenBos, 6699 Mapleward Road, Thunder Bay, ON P7B 5E3

Oostermeer, Fr. Brampton, Ont.
March 23, 1923 - March 31, 1995

JAN VANDERMEER

"The Lord is my shepherd" (Ps. 23).

After a courageous battle with cancer Jan went home to his heavenly Father. He died peacefully at home with his family by his side.

Beloved husband of Marie (nee Belder).

Dearly loved father and opa of:
Rommert & Marlene Vandermeer — Mississauga, Ont.
Johanna & Greg Aspinall — Mississauga, Ont.
Sarah, Daniel
Marian & Rick Dysselhof — Mississauga, Ont.
Mitchell, Colin, Jake
Audrey & Phil Grant — Lisle, Ont.
Stephen, Erin
Adrian & Ria Vandermeer — Acton, Ont.

Dear brother of Sjirk, Ate and Rochus of the Netherlands.

Predeceased by a baby son in 1966, and two brothers in the Netherlands.

On April 5, 1995, the interment was held at Meadowvale cemetery, followed by a memorial service at Holland Christian Homes, Brampton, Ont.

Correspondence address: Mrs. M. Vandermeer, 7900 McLaughlin Rd. S., PT1208, Brampton, ON L6V 3N2

Obituaries

Monte Allegra Abbotsford
Brazil B.C.
May 30, 1957 - April 6, 1995

"No eye has seen and no ear has heard,
and no mind has ever conceived — the glorious things that you have prepared
for everyone who has believed...
how great is your love, O Lord."

On Thursday, April 6, 1995, our dear daughter- and sister-in-law

HILDA VEENBAAS
(nee JACOBI)

was called home to be with the Lord. She leaves behind our dear son and brother Fred, and their children, Jacqui and Mark. It is our prayer that God will continue to lavish His grace on them as He did to Hilda.

Lovingly remembered by Fred's parents:
Popke & Jenny Veenbaas — Abbotsford, B.C.
his brothers and sisters:
George & Pam Veenbaas — Matsqui, B.C.
Mike, Lisa, Brenda
Sid & Winny Veenbaas — Matsqui, B.C.
Justin, Jenna, Matthew
Jane & Pete Flore — Abbotsford, B.C.
Ryan, Derek, Chris
Ray & Marian Veenbaas — Surrey, B.C.
Joshua
Grace & Len Van Harten — London, Ont.
Rachel, Heather, Emily, Jonah

Funeral services were led by Pastor Bert Slofstra who delivered words of comfort and hope based on Ephesians 2:4-10.

Fred's address is: 34974 Cassiar Ave., Abbotsford, BC V2S 7G8

Job Opportunities

The **Ontario Alliance of Christian Schools** is seeking a **part-time individual with accounting and computer experience**. Familiarity with ACCPAC and WordPerfect would be an asset. For further information contact the OACS office at (905) 648-2100. Send resume to:

Director of Financial Services
Ontario Alliance of Christian Schools
777 Hwy 53 East
Ancaster, ON L9K 1J4

Personal

ONE TO ANOTHER

Christian companion magazine. Hundreds of readers Canada-wide. Single issue $5.

Write to:
#302, 1502-2nd Ave. S.
Lethbridge, AB T1J 4A2

For Rent

Attractive one-bedroom basement apartment, Hamilton West Mountain, Ont. Private entrance and parking. Available May 1, 1995. $395 per month, utilities included. One year lease.

Call (905) 383-6556

Summer Job Market

Student with theatre major, theology major, philosophy minor **seeking employment in Hamilton, Toronto** or **elsewhere in Golden Horseshoe.** I have: extensive computer experience; high research competence; solid writing/journalistic ability; good people skills. Experience includes: teaching assistant, tutor, researcher, writer/editor, data entry, sound technician, word processor, sales clerk. **Winston Neutel (905) 521-0297.**

18-year-old female looking for full-time summer employment. Has experience in working with children, hoeing and picking cucumbers, but is willing to do much more. **Tamara Bosma, R.R. 5, Hagersville, ON N0A 1H0, (905) 768-3546.**

Gardening, parent relief, landscaping, office, tutoring, library — **siblings, 16 and 20,** have **experience,** will work hard. **David and Roxanne Rupke (905) 851-7636.**

Classifieds

Obituaries

Psalm 23.
Onze lieve
ANNETTA JANTINA VISSER
sinds 10 november 1965 weduwe van Teade van der Meulen, onze moeder en oma is van ons heengegaan.
28 augustus 1909 - 7 april 1995
Joop van der Meulen — Berg en Dal, the Neth.
Aafke Koning-van der Meulen & John Koning — Carrying Place, Ont.
Jan van der Meulen & Alie van der Meulen-Noord — Lacombe, Alta.
Martin van der Meulen & Gerrie van der Meulen-van Helden — Calgary, Alta.
Martien Bakker-van der Meulen & Gerrit Bakker — Delft, the Neth.
Emma van der Meulen — Ankeveen, the Neth.
Daan van der Meulen & Coby van der Meulen-Wiersma — Franeker, the Neth.
Kees van der Meulen & Alie van der Meulen-Rosier — London, Ont.
Teade van der Meulen & Dicky van der Meulen-van der Reest — Tholen, the Neth.
Anne van der Meulen & Henk van der Leeden — Amsterdam, the Neth.
Kleinkinderen en achterkleinkinderen.
Wij hebben haar herdacht in een dienst die op woensdag 12 april om 11 uur werd gehouden in "De Hoofdhof," Kerkweg te Zwolle-Berkum. Aansluitend was er gelegenheid tot condoleren in de kerk.
De begrafenis vond plaats op de Algemene Begraafplaats in Zuidlaren om 15.00 uur.

Teachers

DUNNVILLE, Ont.: Dunnville Chr. School invites applicants for the following positions for the 1995/96 school year. A **position** in the **primary grade,** one **possible opening** in the **junior division.** Strength in the area of music and Phys.Ed. would be an asset. All letters of application and resumes should be directed to:

Richard VanEgmond
Dunnville Chr. School
R.R.#1, Robinson Rd.
Dunnville, ON N1A 2W1
Phone: (905) 774-5142

LISTOWEL, Ont.: Listowel Chr. School invites interested applicants for a **possible part-time position** (40-50%) for **Grade 7/8.** The position would be for the 1995/96 school year only. If interested, please contact the Principal, Peter Van Dyken, as soon as possible.

Phone: (519) 291-3086
Fax number the same.

Teachers

LONDON, Ont.: The London Parental Chr. School invites beginning and experienced teachers to apply for a **possible teaching position** at the **primary level**. If you have applied earlier, please contact us again. Send a letter of application, statement of faith and resume to:

Mr. Herb Goodhoofd, Principal
LPCS
202 Clarke Road, ON N5W 5E4
We look forward to hearing from you.

LUCKNOW, Ont.: Lucknow Chr. School invites qualified applicants for a maternity leave position, **Grades 3, 4, 5,** starting in September 1995 to mid-March 1996. Applications accepted until May 30, 1995. Interested teachers direct inquiries to:

Lawrence Uyl, Principal
Lucknow & District Chr. School
Box 550, Lucknow, ON
N0G 2H0
Phone: (519) 528-2016

MAPLE RIDGE, B.C.: Haney-Pitt Meadows Chr. School is an interdenominational school, currently presenting Christian education from Kindergarten to Grade 7. In September 1995 a Middle School concept will also be implemented. We are now accepting applications for a **possible primary teaching position** for the 1995/96 school year. Please send resumes to:

Rod Berg, Principal
Haney-Pitt Meadows Chr. School
12140 203rd St.
Maple Ridge, BC V2X 4V5
Phone: (604) 465-4442
Fax: (604) 465-1685.

SMITHVILLE, Ont.: Smithville District Chr. High School requires a **half-time teacher** for a combination of French and other intermediate courses. We serve a student population of 200, coming from a strong and supportive Christian community. Please direct all inquiries and applications to the principal:

M.B. Stroobosscher
6488 Smithville Road
Smithville, ON
L0R 2A0
Phone: (905) 957-3255

WALLACEBURG, Ont.: Wallaceburg Chr. School invites applications for a **definite combined 1/2 class** for September 1995. Preparation for or experience in Special Education would be an asset for the applicant. Please send full resume and references to:

Mr. Trevor Tristram, Principal
693 Albert Street
Wallaceburg, ON N8A 1Y8

Teachers

WOODBRIDGE, Ont.: Toronto Distr. Chr. High School has a position open in **English**
Apply to:
Ren Siebenga, Principal
c/o Toronto Distr. Chr. High School
377 Woodbridge Avenue
Woodbridge, ON L4L 2S8
Phone: (905) 851-1772 or (416) 741-2273
Fax: (905) 851-9992

Miscellaneous

For Rent

Smithville, Ont.: Starting this summer, **2 bedroom basement apartment**, good for two adults; $550 per month; stove, fridge, utilities included. No smoking, no pets. For more information call **Mrs. M.A. Buist, (905) 957-2596**

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For information contact:
Len & Rita Bette
459 Mosley St.,
Wasaga Beach, ON L0L 2P0
Phone: (705) 429-2420

Miscellaneous

Hire a student!

Summer Job Market

This summer why not hire a student to help you ease your workload and get some extra things done? This spring, students will advertise their skills in our Summer Job Market section of the Classifieds. Please consider hiring one of them.

Some students may be hired when you call them. Please be patient. Sometimes they are hired before we can cancel their ad.

Miscellaneous

Christian Courier
50th anniversary

C.C. has existed for 50 years and has launched its anniversary to celebrate five decades of Reformed, Christian journalism in Canada. This campaign will also boost our profile and intends to gain much-needed new subscriptions!
The paper's friends and suppliers have already agreed to help offset the expenses of printing and distributing a commemorative poster, church bulletin covers, and a special anniversary issue. We're asking you to help us celebrate 50 years of Christian journalism as well!

Clip and mail to C.C. (address)

❑ Yes! I want to be part of Christian Courier's 50th anniversary and celebrate Reformed, Christian journalism in Canada.

❑ Yes! I want to receive a free copy of the commemorative poster (donations over $25 only).

Please find enclosed my cheque for:

❑ $100 ❑ $50 ❑ $25 ❑ $ my donation

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____
Phone: _____ Prov.: _____ Code: _____

We cannot yet offer charitable donation receipts. Businesses can receive free advertisement space in the anniversary issue for donations exceeding $50. Please ask to receive our business sponsorship package. We gladly accept in-kind donations.

Classifieds

Miscellaneous	Vacations		Job Opportunities	Job Opportunities

REINDERS and associates

MANY YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IN THE PLANNING AND DESIGN OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP-EDUCATION AND CARE FACILITIES HAVE MADE US A VALUED BUILDING-PARTNER TO MANY CONGREGATIONS AND CHRISTIAN ORGANIZATIONS. PLEASE CALL TO LEARN HOW WE CAN HELP YOU!

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Please use this form and allow four weeks for processing request.

Attach your present label here.

Please indicate when new address takes effect.

Effective: _____

Name: _____

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Province: _____

Code: _____

Mail to:
Christian Courier
4-261 Martindale Rd.
St. Catharines, ON
L2W 1A1

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Plan a successful vacation at our resort known for its Dutch hospitality. Reasonable rates for cottage rentals. Excellent for camping, swimming and fishing (ideal for group camping). "Little Europe" is located 10 km. east of Hwy. 11, on Hwy. 118 East, past the Muskoka Airport.

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R.R. #3, Roseneath, ON K0K 2X0
(905) 352-2308

Events

Hollandse Dag: Moorefield

De zes en twintigste **Hollandse Dag** in **Moorefield**, Ont., wordt gehouden op woensdag **14 juni 1995** om **10 uur** in de Community Centre.
Samenzang, voordrachten, muziek (Mr. B. Ferwerda), enz.
Spreker: Ds. M.D. Geleynse van Stratford, Ont.
Lunch meenemen en uw eigen koffiekop.
Koffie en koek gratis!
Voor gezelligheid en plezierig uitgaan, moet je DE HOLLANDSE DAG niet overslaan.

Spring Concert

The "Pro Musica" choir, directed by Ian Sadler, presents its spring concert at 8 p.m., on **Friday, May 12, 1995,** at the **Canadian Ref. Church, 1225 Hwy. 5, Burlington, Ont.** For tickets call **Marj Stieva at (905) 632-1347.**

The Yorkland School, Toronto

The **Yorkland School**, an independent, Christian junior and senior high school in **Toronto**, Ont., is inviting applications for the position of:

Director of the ESL Program

Qualifications desired:
- Christian commitment
- Ontario Teacher Certificate
- ESL teaching experience
- Overseas teaching experience desired
- Master's degree preferred

Please fax resumes to:
Mr. J. Wainwright, Principal
Fax: (416) 491-3806, Phone: (416) 491-7667
255 Yorkland Boulevard, Willowdale, ON M2J 1S3

The King's University College, a degree-granting Christian college with 500 students, has an opening for the position of

Dean of Students

The Dean of Students will provide leadership in achieving the goal of the College's Mission Statement which states that "students will mature and grow as Christians in all aspects of their lives". In this context, he or she will develop, oversee, and implement Student Life programs at the College in the areas of communal worship and spiritual formation, residence life, student counselling, development of student leadership, and extracurricular activities of students. Strong leadership and participation in the College's Chapel program is an important element of the position. The Dean supervises the work of a Counsellor and a Residence Director.

Qualifications

• Master's degree in Divinity, Student Development or equivalent • Significant experience in ministry to young adults, preferably in a Christian college setting • Excellent communication skills, including proven ability to communicate effectively with young adults • Pastoral experience as well as strong speaking ability, with appreciation for different worship styles, and ability to effectively lead and organize chapel services that appeal to young adults • Good organizational and administrative skills, and experience in supervision of staff.

Qualified applicants are encouraged to send a resume and three confidential letters of reference by **May 22, 1995** to: **Dr. Henk W.H. Van Andel, President, The King's University College, 9125 - 50th Street, Edmonton, AB T6B 2H3; Tel: (403) 465-3500; Fax: (403) 465-3534**

THE KING'S UNIVERSITY COLLEGE
Christian University Education

The King's University College is an equal opportunity employer, but in accordance with Canadian employment and immigration regulations, this advertisement is directed to Canadian citizens and permanent residents.

Save money by using our Classifieds!

Classifieds/Events

DORDT COLLEGE

Administrative Positions

Dordt College seeks to fill the following openings with highly qualified individuals who are committed to a Reformed, biblical perspective and educational philosophy.

Vice President for Student Affairs
Serving on the president's administrative cabinet and supervising the student affairs staff, the VPSA provides leadership for all functions of the student affairs office, including residence life, spiritual and personal counseling, co-curricular activities programming, and discipline. Ph.D. in appropriate field and significant related experience required. Send resumes and letters of inquiry by July 10 to Dr. Jasper Lesage, secretary of the VPSA Search Committee, by fax (712-722-1185), e-mail (lesage@dordt.edu) or mail, at the address below.

Computer Networking Technician
Responsible for the configuration, installation, and maintenance of the college's ethernet network. Applicants must possess a four-year degree in a computer-related field and knowledge of networking in a Novell and Unix environment. Please send resume and letter of inquiry by May 22 to David Netz, chief information officer, by fax (712-722-4498), e-mail (netz@dordt.edu) or mail, at the address below.

Dordt College is an equal opportunity employer and encourages application by women and minorities.

DORDT COLLEGE
498 4th Avenue NE • Sioux Center, Iowa 51250-1697 • 712-722-3771

The Living Word
Sermons for reading services.
Contact:
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210 Clarke St. N.
Woodstock, ON N4S 7M7
Phone: (519) 539-2117

The Bible and Islam
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$5.95 Canada/$4.95 U.S.
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Write: The Back to God Hour
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Burlington, ON L7R 3Y8

Miscellaneous | Events | Miscellaneous

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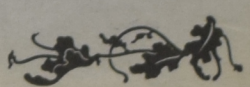

Calendar of Events

May 5 Church service commemorating the 50th anniversary of the liberation of the Netherlands, 7 p.m., North St. United Church, **Goderich**, Ont. Vigil at the Cenotaph follows. Info.: Kase Vanden Heuvel (519) 524-7280.

May 5 Organ/choir concert with Andre Knevel (organist) and the "Mattaniah Male Choir," 8 p.m., Chalmers United Church, **Woodstock**, Ont.

May 6 Family Outreach — sponsored conference on alcoholism and other drug addictions. Speaker: Dr. Rich Grevengoed. At 9 a.m., Westmount CRC, **Strathroy**, Ont. Info./registration: (905) 679-6490.

May 6 Bentley & District Dutch Canadians commemorate the liberation of Holland by Canadian troops and invite the locals to a free pancake breakfast, 7:30-11 a.m., Bentley Arena, **Bentley**, Alta.

May 9 The famous Royal Dutch male chorus "Mastreechter Staar" performs at 8 p.m., Redeemer College, **Ancaster**, Ont. Hosted by the Ladies Auxiliary of the Dutch Canadian Legion, the concert is part of the 50th anniversary of the Liberation festivities in the Hamilton area. Tickets & Info.: Joyce Korthuis (905) 383-9477.

May 10 "Convention 1995" of the Can. Fed. of Chr. Ref. Women, 10 a.m., Bingeman's Park, 1380 Victoria St., N., **Kitchener**, Ont. Speakers: Rev. Ralph Koops and Herman de Jong. Music by Will Lammers (organ/piano) and the Smithville DCHS Choir, directed by Peter Bulthuis. Theme: "Liberated in Christ." Info: (905) 945-5335.

May 11 Concert by "The Royal Male Choir Mastreechter Staar," 7:30 p.m., Alumni Hall, University of Western Ontario, **London**, Ont. Info. & tickets: (519) 631-9604.

May 12 Concert by the "Pro Musica" choir (Ian Sadler, director), 8 p.m., Can. Ref. Church, 1225 Hwy. 5, **Burlington**, Ont. Info./tickets Marj Stieva (905) 632-1347.

May 13 Seventh annual "Springfest," hosted by the Calvin Chr. School, from 8:30 a.m.-3 p.m., Dundas Community Centre, King & Market, **Dundas**, Ont. A fun day for the entire family! Admission free. Info.: (519) 647-2569.

May 19-21 "Reformed Engaged Encounter," an opportunity for couples contemplating engagement or Christian marriage, at Crieff Hills Retreat Centre, **Guelph**, Ont. Info.: (905) 935-6875.

May 20 Organ concert by Jennifer VanderVegte-Van Amerongen, 8 p.m., Can. Ref. Church, **Beamsville**, Ont. Freewill offering.

May 20 Dedication of fountain in remembrance of the 1945 liberation donated by the Dutch community of **Goderich**, Ont., and surrounding area. Parade leaving at 1:30 p.m. from Legion to the Cenotaph, with fountain dedication following. Music by various bands. Info.: (519) 524-7280.

June 4 Dutch worship service led by Rev. Riemer Praamsma, 3 p.m., CRC, **Ancaster**, Ont.

June 5 The "Royal Brass Quintet" in concert, 8 p.m., Redeemer College auditorium, **Ancaster**, Ont. Info./tickets (905) 648-2131.

June 5-9 "Milk & Honey Summer Festival," a week-long festival of fun, fellowship and learning, at Redeemer College, **Ancaster**, Ont. Info. & registration: Janet Katerberg (905) 648-2131, ext. 225.

June 8 Concert by the "Choir Besorah," sponsored by the "Evangelische Omroep," Hilversum, the Neth. At 8 p.m., Redeemer College auditorium, **Ancaster**, Ont. Info./tickets John VanderLaan (905) 648-6585, or at the door.

June 9-10 25th Anniversary celebrations of the Chatham Chr. High School, **Chatham**, Ont. Info.: Wendy Horneman, phone/fax (519) 352-9298.

June 11 Dutch service with the "Besorah Mixed Choir," 5 p.m., Melrose United Church (Locke & Homewood), **Hamilton**, Ont. Message by Rev. G. de Fijter (Vriezenveen, the Neth.). Service will be taped for E.O., Hilversum, the Neth. Info.: John Vanderlaan (905) 648-6585/3170.

SLP
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L9C 7M5
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Summer Job Market

Attention: All students

We know that many of you are thinking about summer jobs at this time.
As in previous years Christian Courier will carry the Summer Job Market section in the Classifieds. We urge you to check this section until **May 26.**

Send us your announcement now and include name, age, address, phone number, experience and the type of work you are seeking. Be as **brief** as possible! Please note:

1) We will run your ad in four (4) consecutive issues of *Christian Courier.*

2) Please cancel the ad as soon as you have found employment so that you don't use up valuable space needlessly.

3) In previous years we offered this service free of charge. Due to tough economic times, we are compelled to begin charging a small fee for the space used. We suggest you send us a cheque for $5.00 x the number of weeks you wish us to run the ad (maximum $20.00, GST incl.).

Good job hunting!

Stan de Jong
Manager

Dank U Canada

50 Years

MAY 5, 1945 - MAY 5, 1995

We the children, grandchildren and great grandchildren of Dutch immigrants give our heartfelt thanks to all Canadians on this day of May 5, 1995.

Fifty years ago, your Canadian Armed Forces played a major role in the liberation of the Netherlands. Thousands of Canadian men and women gave their lives for our freedom. "Greater love hath no man..." and we will never forget.

Today, because of you and yours, we are free and thriving Canadians.

Thank You Canada